THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

The Come-Back of Christy Mathewson

A message of valor and Christmas cheer
from a porch-dweller in the Adirondacks

Helena Lorenz Williams

Nansen's Mandate for Humanity	*Francis Hackett*
Education by Accident	*Joseph K. Hart*
On the Use of Boards	*Frederic Almy*
The Man-in-between	*Hugh Archbald*
The Coming	*Mary Brent Whiteside*
Christmas in the Pueblos	*Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant*

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR SURVEY ASSOCIATES
The year ended, 1922-23 The year begun, 1923-24

30 Cents a Copy

DECEMBER 1, 1923

$5.00 a Year

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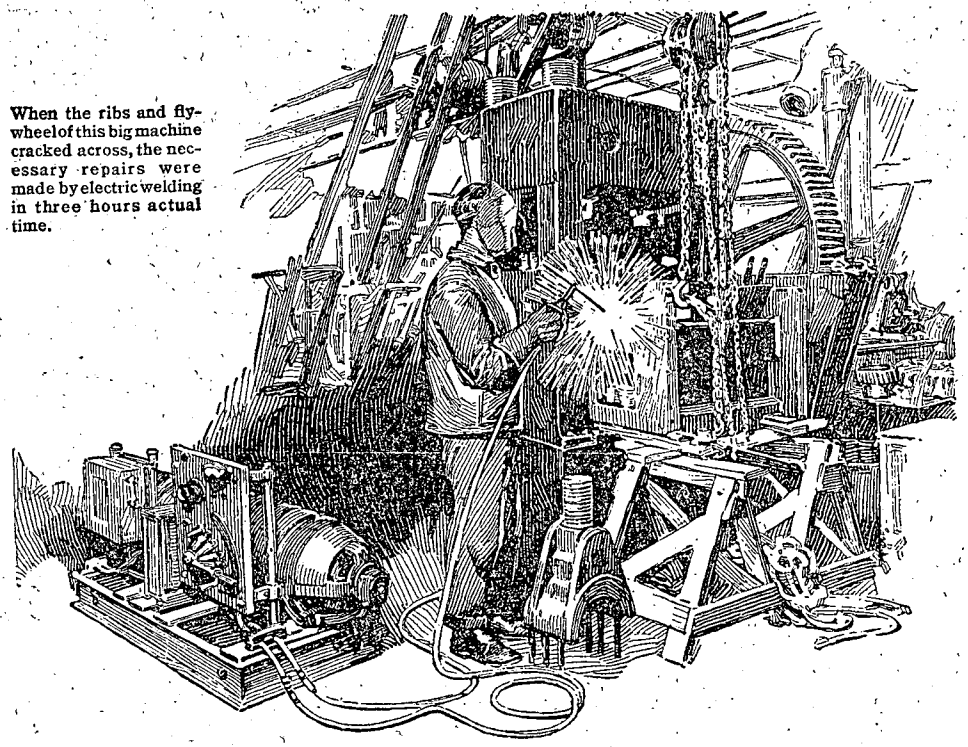
When the ribs and flywheel of this big machine cracked across, the necessary repairs were made by electric welding in three hours actual time.



The needle that knits metals

One of the interesting departments of the General Electric Company's works at Schenectady is the School of Electric Welding, to which any manufacturer may send men for instruction.

There was a time when a broken wheel would tie up a big plant for days.

Now electric welding tools literally knit together the jagged edges of metals and insure uninterrupted production. That means steady wages, steady profits, and a lower price to the consumer.

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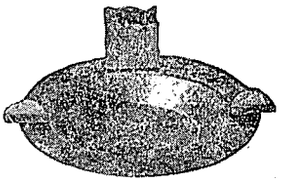
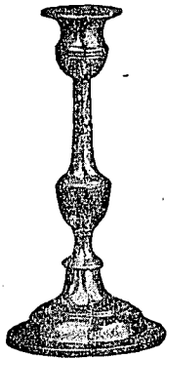


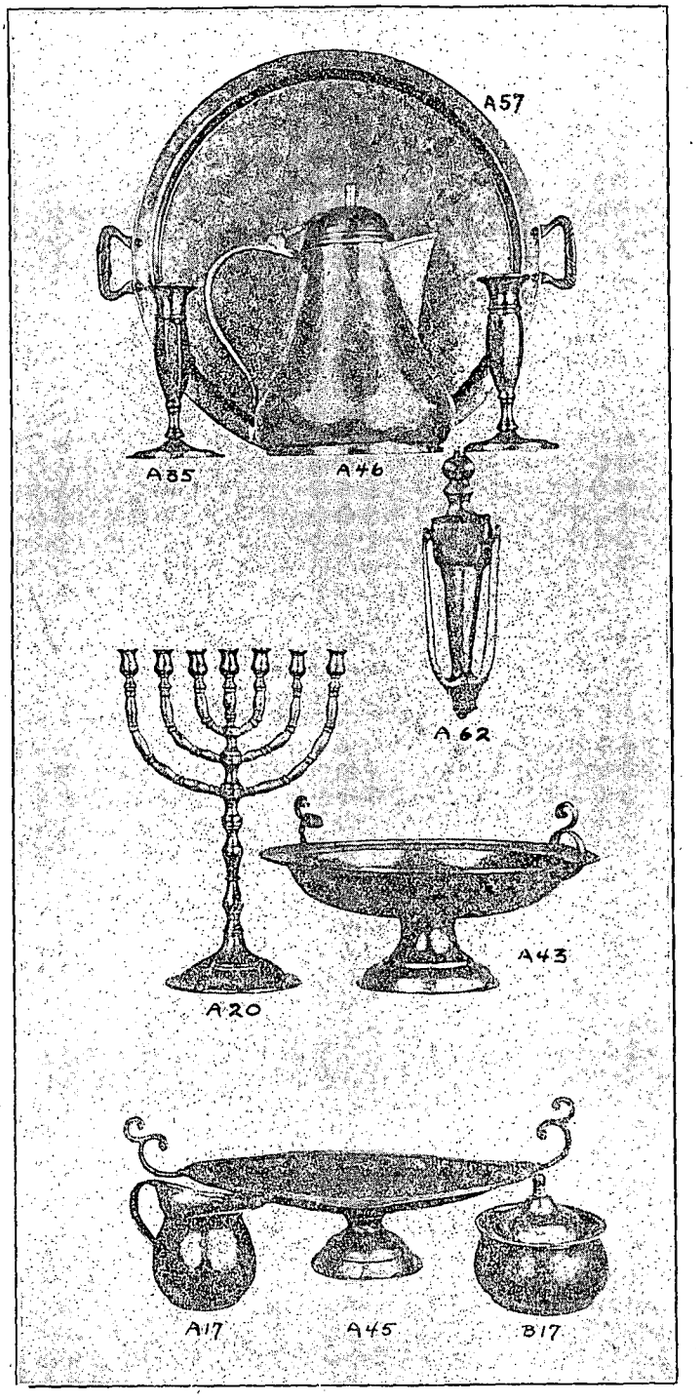
A-125 Ash tray. Hammered. Bronze finish. Has 2 cigar or cigarette rests and match holder. 7 inches long. Price, $1.50.



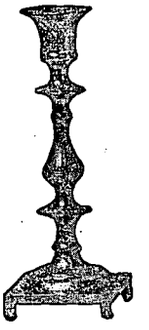
A-146 Candlesticks. Height, 7¾ inches. Price, $6.00 the pair.

A-15 Knocker. 3¼ inches long and 2 inches wide. Solid brass. Original design by Robert Adam. Price, $1.50.

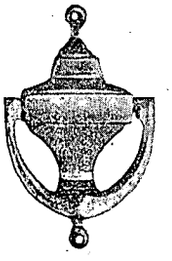
A-30 Milk or water pitcher. Genuinely hand-made. In hammered brass or copper. The pitcher is 9½ inches high, and holds 6 large glasses. Lined inside for practical use. Price, $8.00.



A-151 Bon-bon dish. Hammered brass or copper. 3 inches high and 5 inches across its top surface. Cast brass handles. Price, $2.25.



A-37 Candlesticks. Their height is 6 inches. Price, $3.50 the pair.



A-16 Colonial knocker. 3¾ inches long and 2¼ inches wide. Price, $1.50.

A-127 Tobacco-Jar. Hammered brass or copper. 4 inches high and 4 inches in diameter. A prize winning design. Price, $4.00.

A-35 Octagon-shaped candlesticks. 4½ inches high. Price, $3.00 the pair.

A-17 Creamer. Hammered brass or copper. 2½ inches high. Lined inside for practical use. Price, $2.50.

B-17 Sugar bowl. Hammered brass or copper. 2 inches high. Lined inside. Price, $2.50.

A-45 Tray. Shaped like Aladdin's lamp. An effective card-tray or candy dish. Genuinely hand-made. It is 10 inches long and 5 inches wide. Price, $4.00.

A-57 Round tray. In hammered brass or copper. Cast brass handles. Diameter, 11¼ inches. Price, $4.00.

A-46 Hot-water jug. Hammered brass and copper. 7½ inches high, and holds 6 large cups. Price, $8.00.

A-62 The Bradford. It is 7½ inches long and 2⅜ inches wide. Price, $3.50.

A-20 Seven-branch Candelabra. It is 9½ inches high. Price, $4.50 each.

A-43 Fruit bowl. Hammered brass or copper. Height 4 inches. Diameter across surface, 9 inches. Price, $3.25 each.

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In the New Year

William Akers will write more of his tales of the Kangaroo Courts.

Otto S. Beyer will give the redoubtable biography of B. & O. Engine No. 1003, and in doing so, tell how the B. & O. management, shopcraft unions and technical men in combination have upset all traditions of railway repair shops; the most luminous experiment in the whole railway labor problem.

Alexander M. Bing will analyze, from the standpoint of a practical builder and student of industrial relations, why that medieval adventure in modern times, the British Building Guild, has gone on the rocks.

Robert W. Bruère will marshal the materials of a special number which will bring out the tremendous bearing upon American life and labor of the development in the next twenty years of what the engineers call high tension power transmission.

Richard C. Cabot, M.D., professor of Social Ethics at Harvard and author of What Men Live By, will discuss, with special reference to those who mix in other people's lives, that disturbing question "Where and When to Lie."

Rossa B. Cooley, principal of Penn School, will continue her colorful series (The Homes of the Free) interpreting Negro life on the sea islands off South Carolina.

Neva R. Deardorff will take up some of the poor big rich orphanages and the children that inhabit them from ancient Girard College to the newest of the new at Moosehart. [Page Mr. Hershey.]

John Dewey will discuss the changing conceptions of freedom.

Haven Emerson, M.D., will bring the new factors in public health administration within reach of the socially minded citizen in the average town.

Henry Ford, the biggest manufacturer of them all, will in an interview tell what he is up to with his dam building and his miniature plants on the River Rouge.

Andrew Furuseth will tell of the call of the sea—and the calling of the seamen upon deaf ears.

Patrick Geddes, philosopher and town planner, will contribute a series of essays uncovering half-recognized phases of the evolution of the modern city.

Arthur Gleason will write for us from the Pacific Coast.

Bernard Glueck, M.D., psychiatrist, director of the Bureau of Children's Guidance, will throw further light on the problems of mental hygiene.

Francis Hackett will give us more of his penetrating articles on men and social measures abroad.

Joseph K. Hart will tell how the Rosenwald schools of the South are seeding down opportunity at new cross roads every month.

Herbert Hoover will forecast the statescraft of the era of engineering and electricity in an interview with William Hard.

Samuel McCune Lindsay will discuss social planks and the political platform makers of 1924.

Percy MacKaye will draw on his experiences afoot and on mule in the Kentucky Mountains in an article entitled Unreclaimed America.

Adolf Meyer, M.D., head of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins, will develop his theme of "constructive composure."

William J. Norton, secretary of the Detroit Community Fund, and others will take up matters of social finance in a way which will not fail to interest all givers and executives, cheerful and otherwise.

Cornelia Stratton Parker, author of An American Idyll, will write for us from Geneva.

James Harvey Robinson, who has been revisiting the Middle Ages—rewriting after twenty years his Introduction to the History of Western Europe—will take up in the light of their "sordid and grimy" origins some of the conceptions that lumber with ponderous sanction into our present-day discussions.

Aaron Sapiro, the genius of the producers cooperatives which have swept East from California, will tell the inside story of cotton and prunes and wheat and of the countrysides which grow them.

Frank Tannenbaum, now in Mexico City for The Survey, will bring the makings of a special number which will match our issues on Ireland and Russia.

Eleanor R. Wembridge will give us more of her loose leaves from a psychologist's dictionary.

Ira S. Wile, M.D., from his children's health class at Mt. Sinai Hospital will reveal the deep-lying factors in the relationship between children and this clumsy world.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LI, No. 5 December 1, 1923

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The Gist of It

FRIDAYS at four!—The editors of The Survey are eager to have friends of the magazine get into the habit of dropping in at the office at that hour for acquaintance sake. Usually there is some one just here from abroad or some one just straightening his back after being up to his elbows in some tub full of community trouble or a social experiment brought to the boiling point. They can usually be persuaded to talk to us informally around our library table. The invitation means *you*.

WHEN Mr. Hackett met Fridtjof Nansen at the recent session of the League of Nations the latter had come straight down from Norway, changed at Berlin, taken a train to Stuttgart that was held up, changed from his sleeper—which was against the rules—and got a place in the local where he had to sit up all night, arriving at Geneva vaguely conscious of a trifling inconvenience. The incident gives us a glimpse of the human reserves which this Norse explorer put into his Arctic trips, has spent in his unstinted ministering to war-scotched Europe, and will put into the wear and tear of his American trip. As he talked of relief problems and his negotiations, writes Mr. Hackett, "one was aware why a few minutes before he had spoken so regretfully of a Polar expedition which was badly planned. He thinks in terms of work, of workmanship, of getting things done." (p. 260.)

IT was a member of the American Friends Service Committee who, soon after the war "discovered" young Melchior Grossek, a recently discharged soldier, and gave him the opportunity to study in the Art School at Munich, and it was Brent Dow Allinson, another member, who brought over some of his significant and original silhouettes (pp. 240, 269) which are here first reproduced.

TWENTY years in and about mines as mining engineer and superintendent, as research investigator into labor conditions and as lecturer on mining at the American Expeditionary Force University are the background of Hugh Archbald's The Man-in-between (p. 266). Mr. Archbald has just "finished up" the Victoria Coal mine at Philipsburg, Pennsylvania, and as manager of that mine has had an opportunity to show that cooperation between men and owners is possible and practicable. His book on the Four-Hour Day in the Coal Industry was published last year.

"THE climax at the close reaches dramatic as well as lyric heights," a dean of English said of Mary Brent Whiteside's Eve, published in Survey Graphic last December. "One of the finest poems I have ever read, ancient or modern," was the comment of a publisher. The poet is a resident of Atlanta (p. 275).

FREDERIC ALMY is secretary emeritus of the oldest charity organization society in the country—that of Buffalo. He has had a cooperative finger in committees, boards, councils, conferences throughout a gregarious lifetime. Booker T. Washington once defined a board as something long and hard and narrow. Mr. Almy teeters on that conception with the fling of a four-year-old (p. 265).

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is one of the group of writers who, through residence in New Mexico, has become deeply concerned with the land troubles of Pueblo Indians. Though the Bursum bill was defeated, the Pueblo question is still unsettled, as Survey readers know, and will be dealt with at the next congressional session. Meanwhile a new menace of a subtle and serious kind has arisen for the Pueblos, as for all Indians, through Commissioner Burke's message on the subject of Indian dances. The commissioner, backed by many important forces in public life, wants to see these ceremonies, which are the cultural and religious backbone of Indian life, suppressed or modified. Miss Sergeant gives a picture of Pueblo dances—an unusual combination of pagan festival and church ritual at Christmas (pp. 252, 277).

LAST year, in the course of the Christmas seal campaign two hundred feet of film were put on as a "trailer" in four hundred movie houses. The hero of the piece was Christy Mathewson and the impressario, Miss Williams, assistant publicity secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association, and editor of its Monthly Bulletin. The acquaintance then made, plus the cordial cooperation of John Daly, a close friend of the great pitcher, paved the way for our interview (p. 248). Miss Williams brought together the series of come-backer's stories published in the Journal of the Outdoor Life—including farm women, bankers, economists, playwrights and others—Roger Babson and Eugene O'Neill among them.

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THE REFUGEES

From a series of silhouettes by Melchior Grosseck; others are published on pp. 269-274

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

DECEMBER 1, 1923

Volume LI
No. 5

GANGWAY!

A Foreword by the Editor

PAUL U. KELLOGG

AN engaging business, this, to be alive in these United States in the nineteen-twenties—a *pursuit* in dead earnest, whether we think of it in homely ways as butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, or cast it like the framers of the Declaration in sonorous terms of our cravings for life, and liberty, and happiness. Or whether we hold to the zestful, foraging, half-winded meaning of the chase—a calling, willy-nilly, which sounds to individual livelihood and the common welfare but stands also for a fret to the feet and spirit of man like that which comes with our tingling November frosts or the melting snowbanks of March.

Business, pursuit, calling—if you are inquisitive about it, however defined—this being alive and kicking together, a hundred million of us and more, we should be glad to have you pool your curiosity with ours—with that of the 1,600 members, the 16,000 subscribers of The Survey who are bent on bearing a part in the organized discovery of the America of our times.

A hundred years ago, you might have played a lone hand as a settler; you might even have staked out your homestead, put up your log cabin and raised your crop of corn and beans without knowing anything of the great outdoors outside your own clearing. But that was not the way of the genuine frontiersmen and pioneers. They knew their wilderness from the hoot of an owl to the lay of a watershed. They blazed trails for others to follow, laid corduroy over sink holes for the wheels that came after, joined in the barn raisings, set up schools and churches and town halls for the communities to be.

Today that wilderness is overlaid with an intricate fabric of life and labor—a meshwork of racial stocks and vocations, of mechanical equipment and the teamplays of modern existence. Whether you have yourself borne a hand in the upbuilding of our industrial civilization which, within the memory of living men, has come in with the rise of the cities and of corporate industry, or are of the new generation that view it all with fresh eyes, we have something to share with you through The Survey.

EDISON points out that the shortest route from the world about us to the intelligence is the optic nerve; the shortest cut to irrigate the living cells of the brain is through the eye. He was talking of moving pictures, of course; themselves a significant development of the age. But the principle has been prying education loose from printed pages. It is the secret of the ancient pedagogues who took their youth about the streets of the Greek cities. It is back of all laboratory work, back of the project method, back of the new schooling that has burst the walls of classrooms and engages the whole community, its work and play, its varied occupations and dynamic problems—the "unprintable text book" of life and labor.

Of these things The Sur-

THIS FOREWORD is addressed primarily to the six thousand new subscribers whose acquaintance with The Survey began this year. For The Survey is more than a magazine—it is a cooperative enterprise in which 1,600 men and women are working together for the common welfare. In this, the last month of the year, we are stealing the center of the stage a moment to talk about ourselves and the opportunity before us. There follows the monthly sheaf of Graphic articles; and at the back, on pp. 278-282 is published the roster of Survey Associates, together with our report to them on the year's work. For The Survey is theirs. Will you not make it yours?

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vey is a living transcript. For Edison's principle is quick with the spirit of our times, as we brought out in interpreting the fiftieth anniversary meetings of the National Conference of Social Work at Washington in May. Robinson in his Mind in the Making, which in three years has run into 60,000 copies, maintains that in the social sciences we are where they were in the natural sciences three or four hundred years ago. In the days of the Bacons, men first broke away from the fine-spun web of theory that had entangled the schoolmen throughout the middle ages. The forerunners of science began to count the stars and study ditch water, to observe drops of steam and iron filings. So doing, they disclosed a new heaven and a new earth; and ushered in our modern advances in mastering the forces of the universe. We still, however, labor under concepts of the mind as old as the schoolmen, and especially in the field of human relations we must break through the old crusts. Ours is a day of what Justice Brandeis calls "social invention."

To the semi-centennial of the social workers, in Washington, there came lawyers like Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard to tell of the revolution in the rigid concepts of the law which have come in with the shift in attention from calf-bound precedents to the living problems of men, women and children. There came physicians like Dr. Herman M. Biggs to tell of the revolution in treatment and prevention of disease which has come not alone with the germ theory but with the recognition that patients are people and which has thrown its emphasis from medication to health. There came philosophers like John Dewey of Columbia, who told of the renaissance in education hinted at above, and psychiatrists like Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins, who told of the overturn of old abstractions and the rise of mental hygiene, which have come since the psychologists have faced the intimate everyday impulses and struggles of human kind.

IT is with the quickening areas of these great social sciences and especially with the province of the social workers themselves, who are inveterately engaged in adjustment and reconstruction, that The Survey deals. It deals with ourselves, with the primary forces which, baffling and buoyant as they are, work out in our own lives and in the lives of those we strike hands with or would help. It deals with character, with self-reliance and responsibility, with the ability to see straight and think for one's self as assets in a democracy. It deals with our relations with our fellows, as neighbors, as employers and employes, as clients and counselors, as co-operators in the organized forms of work and citizenship. It deals with the environment which encompasses us, whether in housing and city planning, or in combating the preventable diseases; with our wresting of food and clothing and fuel and other elements of the good life from the earth's bounty; with mastery for social ends of the machinery of existence and the forces of nature. It deals with our pursuits of beauty and happiness for ourselves and for the many, our fresh vintages of ethics and ideas and philosophy, our pushings-out of the rim of the unknown. It deals with our relations with other peoples stirred by new freedoms or leashed to old hatreds and schemes of supremacy which may ensnare us all. It deals with the social aspiration that transmutes all these endeavors into the high adventure of a new pioneering.

For like the struggle with the wilderness, this process is not without its frictions, its deep-seated conflicts, its setbacks as well as its joys and gains, its need at every point for interpretation of conditions and feelings and modes of thought, for carrying over from one great sphere of human concern the experience, criticisms, proposals brought forward by others. It has been said, some of the richest soil of the Middle West is the untouched loam which lies along the lines of the old rail fences that, since the wilderness gave way to the axe, have separated one field from another. Certain it is that, in our modern life, some of the most fruitful areas lie in the interplay between different fields of social activity and the bearing of these upon general affairs.

More, The Survey's function as we see it lies not alone in bringing out contributions from the spheres of human concern it has made its own, but in investigating, interpreting, with every resource at its command, situations in the general life which stand in need of social appraisal. In staff field work we go to original sources, refer our findings in first draft to the parties at interest for corrections of fact and afford opportunity for rebuttal. The range and integrity of this procedure has commanded respect in many controversial situations.

In addition we tap the researches of the universities, the public agencies and the foundations. We have the cooperation of local and national undertakings committed to the common welfare. We number among our colleagues men and women who in great city districts, layered deep with problems, or in outposts of remote countrysides, are shouldering the load of community upbuilding—men and women who can distinguish the cry of our modern hoot owls from that of a child in distress, who know the lay of economic watersheds which mean livelihood and leisure, their lack, or the gleam of promise, to vast companies of their fellows.

TO carry forward our work of swift inquiry and exacting editorial digest and portrayal, we divide the editorial province of The Survey into five major subject fields, each committed on a part time basis to

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an associate editor with special equipment for the task:—

Industry—the field of labor conditions and relations—Robert W. Bruère, director of the Bureau of Industrial Research and for several years an arbitrator in the garment trades.

Social Practice—the problems of child welfare, family welfare and casework with individuals—Neva R. Deardorff, associate professor of social economy at Bryn Mawr, and long attached to the headquarters staff of the American Red Cross.

Education—the school in its relations to the community—Joseph K. Hart, formerly professor of education at Reed College and the University of Washington.

Communities—civics, town planning, problems of community organization—Geddes Smith, formerly acting director of the National Information Bureau.

Health—Haven Emerson, M. D., professor of public health administration, Columbia University, late health commissioner of the city of New York.

Our domestic program is rounded out by a Foreign Service department which keeps in touch with overseas work of relief and reconstruction and the communal bearings of the missionary movement, draws on contemporaneous developments abroad and takes up the social aspects of international relations growing out of the war and the peace.

THE Survey is brought out twice a month and our departmental editors as well as the executive staff serve both publication units:—

SURVEY MIDMONTHLY—a sheaf of timely writings, enabling the reader within the briefest compass of space and time to keep abreast of the contributions, the discussions and events, in each of our wide spheres of social concern: writings which are strong in practical craftsmanship and comparative experience.

SURVEY GRAPHIC—an illustrated magazine, which employs good writing, drawings, etchings, sculpture, photographs, maps, diagrams—to help get The Survey's materials and message across to wider reaches of the public—readers who may not be prepared to "follow through" with the thoroughness of our Midmonthly, but who are by no means satisfied with the fragmentary treatment accorded social and economic questions in general periodicals. To this end we are promoting Survey Graphic as a separate monthly magazine at $3 a year.

The two units do not conflict or overlap, but complement each other, and are distributed at a joint twice-a-month subscription of $5 a year.

The Survey is a mutual enterprise. One out of every ten of its subscribers is a member of Survey Associates, Inc., the publishing body; sending in a $10 cooperating subscription or more each year to maintain it, to build it up, and extend its reach. As such it is unique among periodicals and educational institutions.

THE working conception which lies back of these operations will perhaps be clearer if we bear in mind that the most original American contribution to education lies not in the domain of higher learning or of the sciences, but in a homely invention by the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp to meet the need of a Louisiana countryside. He found that preaching modern agriculture to farmers did not get anywhere. They went away and went on their ways—the old ways. Results came however when a leading farmer in any community consented to prepare and plant and harvest a single acre under Dr. Knapp's leadership. If this panned out well, the next year the farmer handled more of his land by the new method and his neighbors took it up. And out of this grew the farm demonstration movement which is revolutionizing the agricultural economy of the South. Thus Dr. Knapp found the secret of adult education in a period of swift changes in the art of husbandry. It is an invention which in its own way The Survey is applying to a differing subject matter.

There is room in our pages for the prophet as well as the husbandman. We of the cities can well take to heart this rediscovery in our cotton lands of the ancient art of passing learning from hand to hand. All the more so in these decades when education is no longer a matter of fathers handing on to their sons the craft and wisdom they themselves inherited, but when education must stretch throughout the active years, and all alike learn from contemporaries of changes going forward about them.

The invention of a domestic relations court or a psychiatric clinic, the institution of a shop-council, or the application of the insurance principle (which in twenty years has revolutionized our treatment of trade accidents) to the hazards of sickness and unemployment, are less easily visualized than are methods for grafting fruit trees, or for planting corn and cow-peas; the printed page is a poor substitute for the open field or for a log with a farm demonstrator at the other end of it. None the less the same active principle can be set to work, and learning go forward, by doing, and by watching others do—through text and picture, narrative and marshalled experience, set down by those close in to the things they describe.

THIS then is the working scheme of Survey Associates which has stood the test of twelve years. This is the fellowship which invites you to participate—to lift, by winning new readers for The Survey and the Survey Graphic—to share, by becoming a cooperating subscriber and member of the publishing body.

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The Come-Back of Christy Mathewson

A more intimate story of one man's fight against tuberculosis than hitherto has been told

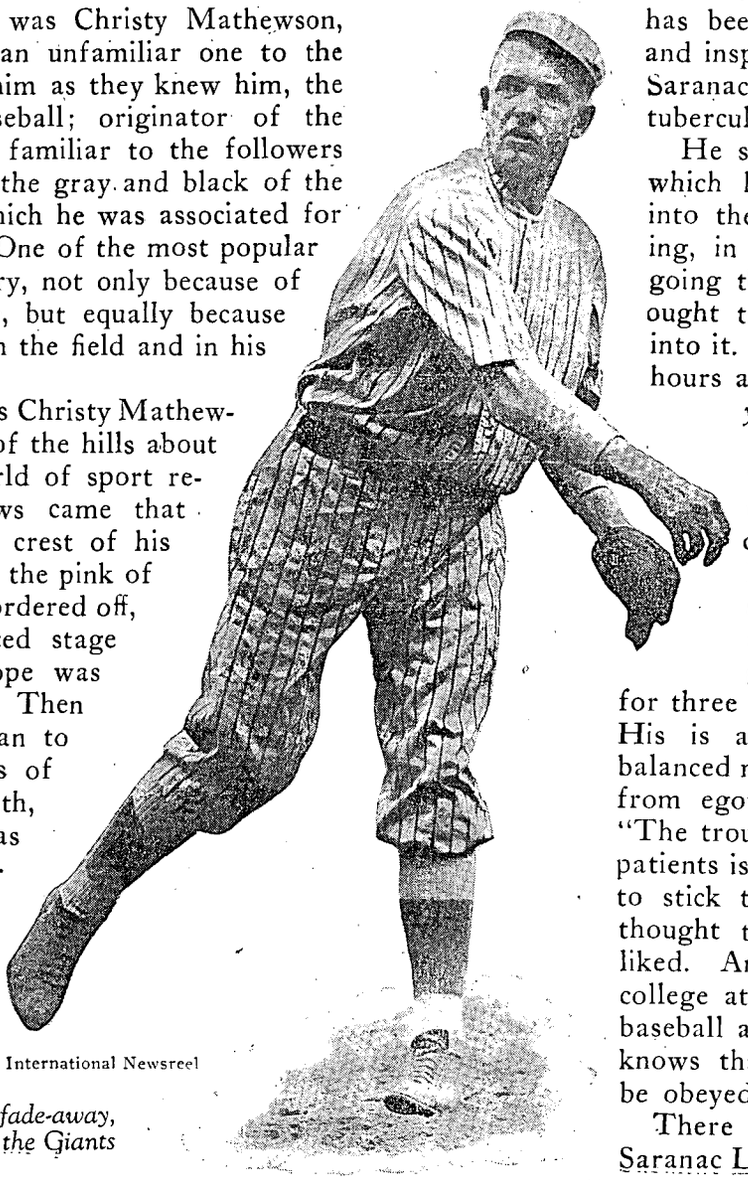
By HELENA LORENZ WILLIAMS

EARLY November in the Adirondacks: the woods were bare and brown, the air pungent with dead leaves, recent rains and pine; the sun was making a last stand against the coming onslaughts of the mountain winter. Here and there a motor stood deserted in a road or on a trail, waiting for huntsmen to return with deer or birds. From one of these trails came the whistling of a popular air. A few seconds later a tall, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked man came around the curve of the trail and stepped into the road. He wore brown tweeds, a soft cap, and carried a gun over his shoulder.

The partridge hunter was Christy Mathewson, the Adirondack setting an unfamiliar one to the bleachers who think of him as they knew him, the greatest pitcher of baseball; originator of the famous "fade-away," as familiar to the followers of the national sport as the gray and black of the Giants, the team with which he was associated for nearly seventeen years. One of the most popular players in baseball history, not only because of his skill and intelligence, but equally because of his love of fair play in the field and in his personal relationships.

For the past three years Christy Mathewson has been a habitant of the hills about Saranac Lake. The world of sport remembers when the news came that Matty, then still at the crest of his career, and apparently in the pink of condition, was suddenly ordered off, a patient in the advanced stage of tuberculosis. No hope was held out for his recovery. Then fragmentary reports began to flow into the daily press of his uphill fight for health, until last summer he was able to assume the responsibility of managing the Boston Braves.

He is not yet cured. He is what is known as an arrested case. He refuses emphatically to permit the publication of any article that tells the story of "How I beat T. B." He is reserved and cautious in discussing his illness, fearing to make misleading statements that may confuse other patients. But he granted me an interview that would convey a message to the outside world at this season, when the National Tuberculosis Association is making its annual drive for funds through the sale of Christmas seals; a message that would at the same time be an inspiration to patients and those close to them. For Matty's recovery from a far-advanced case to comparative health, has been a stimulus of hope and inspiration not only to the Saranac colony, but wherever tuberculosis has found a victim.



International Newsreel

The originator of the famous fade-away, in the days when he pitched for the Giants

He sums up the philosophy which has brought him back into the world of normal living, in this way: "If you are going through with a job you ought to put your best effort into it. If it takes twenty-four hours a day to be on it—then, *you've got to be on it.*"

As a tip to the amateur at getting well, this bit of counsel draws on the psychology which has won him success professionally, as well as in the long game he has played now for three seasons, night and day. His is a well trained, evenly balanced mind that suffers neither from egotism nor introspection. "The trouble with lots of T. B. patients is that they've never had to stick to the rules. They've thought they could do as they liked. Any one who has been in college athletics and professional baseball as much as I have been, knows that orders are given to be obeyed."

There is hardly a cottage in Saranac Lake, with its population

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of five thousand, where sleeping porches and "Adirondack recliners" do not proclaim the presence of from one to ten patients. The mountain colony has become the mecca of the tuberculous since Dr. Edward L. Trudeau journeyed there in 1873, to die among his beloved pines, and lived to establish the world's greatest sanatorium. Physicians, writers, artists, politicians, clerical workers, and housemaids are among these citizens of hope. To all of them the story of Christy Mathewson is a familiar one. The traveling salesman who makes monthly stop-overs in the town knows Matty, and nurses and doctors at Trudeau Sanatorium recite the miracle of his "come-back" to the grumblers.

Copyright J. T. Jennings

Twenty-five slow months after his arrival at Saranac, Mathewson made his first journey to the world outside—to spend a week-end with his father and mother. This trip he holds to be one of the real milestones on his road to recovery

The story of Christopher Mathewson, patient, begins on the diamond back in June, 1920. He was assistant to McGraw at the time. And he had what he thought was a stubborn cold. He would stand out on the field every day and hit flies to outfielders, swinging his body from right to left, backward and forward, twisting his torso and bringing into play every muscle in his powerful body. "I felt fine," he says, "slept well, had a good appetite, weighed 185 pounds stripped. The only thing that bothered me was a cough, and a clogged-up feeling in my bronchial tubes. I also noticed a shortness of breath when I walked up a flight of steps in a hurry." Now the baseball player's time-honored remedy for colds is to get into a sweat shirt and get a good workout. Matty's cold did not respond to this treatment, and he resolved to see a doctor. He saw one in Chicago, another in Boston, and a third in New York. The first diagnosis was "bronchial trouble"; the second a "heavy cold." But the third man discovered an afternoon temperature and suggested a sputum examination. The report came back "positive," proving conclusively the presence of active tuberculosis of the lungs. Our facilities for expert diagnosis are a weak link in the organized practice of medicine; the fumbling in Matty's case, with the body of an athlete at stake, was no exception: it merely underscores how far we must go to match advances in treatment with advances in ordered prevention.

Just how with so superb a physique, he came to develop tuberculosis, Matty does not know. Nor the doctors. "I got a few little sniffs of gas," he says, "while doing demonstration work in France, when I used to go into the gas schools as an officer." Army medical opinion, however, does not give weight to gassing as cause of tuberculosis. An attack of influenza while he was with the army in France, may have had a more direct relation.

Many patients when first tagged with "T. B." are bowled over, convinced that they have a mortal disease from which there is no chance for recovery. Not so Matty. He looked at himself as an incipient case, and when Saranac Lake was recommended, he characteristically decided to "take about six weeks off, and go up there for a rest cure." However, he detested the break in his work. He had never known serious illness, and thought "sickness was something in China, because I supposed people had to be sick somewhere."

He went up to Saranac Lake by himself, and immediately got in touch with a physician on the staff of Trudeau Sanatorium. After the examination, the doctor looked his sympathy, but the thing he had to tell the unsuspecting ball player was that he had an advanced case with both lungs involved, and one very seriously.

"Saranac was very crowded," says Matty in recollecting those first weeks when he had to adjust himself to this blow, and cut out the vigorous activity that had been the very life of the man. The new batting rules called for complete inactivity in the pitcher's box. It meant giving up the game, perhaps for years.

The doctor attempted to locate some quarters for me. He located a room without bath, with running water and no sleeping porch. "If you make an application to get an apartment over at the Santanomi, you may have one in a couple of weeks," he said, "depending on when they have a vacancy over there." Things ran along for five weeks or so. I would write a few letters, read the paper, but most of the time I'd lie there waiting for the cure to take effect. You get into a very peculiar frame of mind. There is no doubt about that. To your own surprise you find the tears roll down your cheeks.

I had plenty of time to think over a lot of things. It came to me that life with most people is just one scramble after another dollar, another thrill, or another meal.

I had plenty of time to look back over my own mistakes, too, and, of course, I resolved never to make some of them again. I thought I was an incipient case when I first came up. But even when I knew better, I always thought that sooner or later I'd come back.

After five weeks of waiting, there was a vacancy

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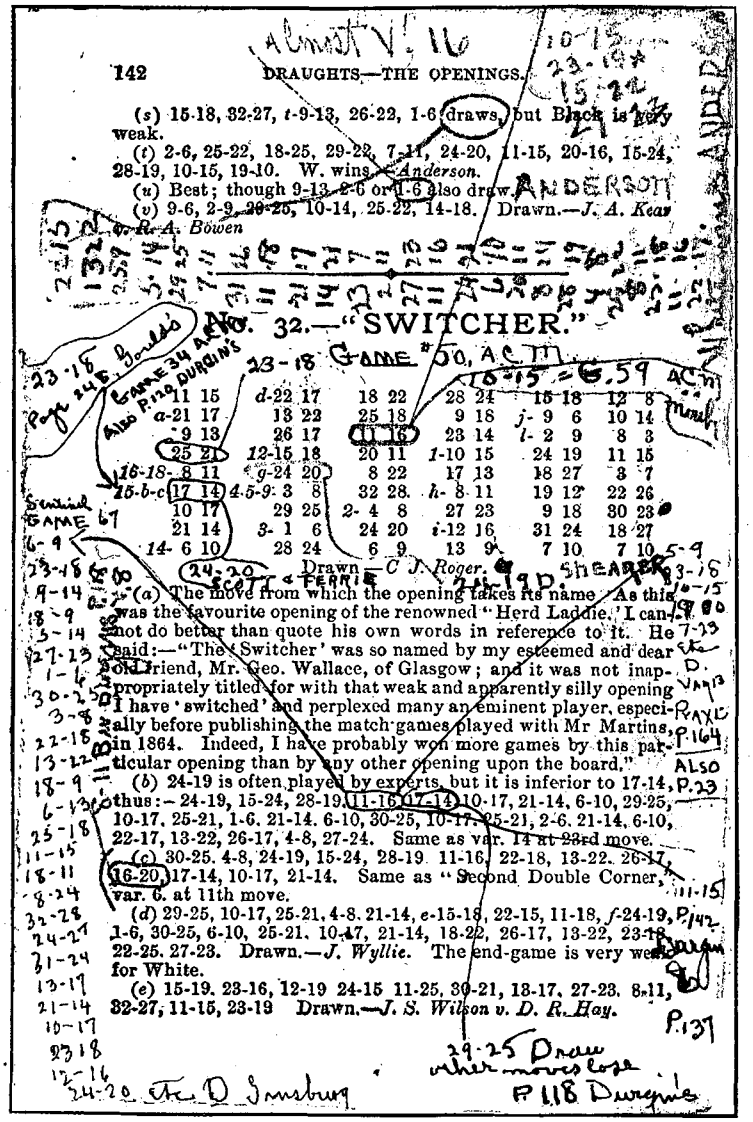

142 DRAUGHTS—THE OPENINGS.

(s) 15-18, 32-27, t-9-13, 26-22, 1-6 draws, but Black is very weak.

(t) 2-6, 25-22, 18-25, 29-22, 7-11, 24-20, 11-15, 20-16, 15-24, 28-19, 10-15, 19-10. W. wins.—*Anderson.*

(u) Best; though 9-13, 2-6 or 1-6 also draw.

(v) 9-6, 2-9, 29-25, 10-14, 25-22, 14-18. Drawn.—*J. A. Kear v. R. A. Bowen*

No. 32.—"SWITCHER."

11 15	d-22 17	18 22	28 24	15 18	12 8		
a-21 17	13 22	25 18	9 18	j- 9 6	10 14		
9 13	26 17	11 15	23 14	l- 2 9	8 3		
25 21	12-16 18	20 11	l-10 15	24 19	11 15		
16-18- 8 11	g-24 20	8 22	17 13	18 27	3 7		
15-b-c 17 14	4-5-9- 3 8	32 28	h- 8 11	19 12	22 26		
10 17	29 25	2- 4 8	27 23	9 18	30 23		
21 14	3- 1 6	24 20	i-12 16	31 24	18 27		
14- 6 10	28 24	6 9	13 9	7 10	7 10		

Drawn.—*C. J. Roger.*

(a) The move from which the opening takes its name. As this was the favourite opening of the renowned "Herd Laddie," I cannot do better than quote his own words in reference to it. He said:—"The 'Switcher' was so named by my esteemed and dear old friend, Mr. Geo. Wallace, of Glasgow; and it was not inappropriately titled for with that weak and apparently silly opening I have 'switched' and perplexed many an eminent player, especially before publishing the match games played with Mr Martins, in 1864. Indeed, I have probably won more games by this particular opening than by any other opening upon the board."

(b) 24-19 is often played by experts, but it is inferior to 17-14, thus:—24-19, 15-24, 28-19, 11-16, 17-14, 10-17, 21-14, 6-10, 29-25, 10-17, 25-21, 1-6, 21-14, 6-10, 30-25, 10-17, 25-21, 2-6, 21-14, 6-10, 22-17, 13-22, 26-17, 4-8, 27-24. Same as var. 14 at 23rd move.

(c) 30-25, 4-8, 24-19, 15-24, 28-19, 11-16, 22-18, 13-22, 26-17, 16-20, 17-14, 10-17, 21-14. Same as "Second Double Corner," var. 6. at 11th move.

(d) 29-25, 10-17, 25-21, 4-8, 21-14, e-15-18, 22-15, 11-18, f-24-19, 1-6, 30-25, 6-10, 25-21, 10-17, 21-14, 18-22, 26-17, 13-22, 23-18, 22-25, 27-23. Drawn.—*J. Wyllie.* The end-game is very weak for White.

(e) 15-19, 23-16, 12-19, 24-15, 11-25, 30-21, 13-17, 27-23, 8-11, 32-27, 11-15, 23-19. Drawn.—*J. S. Wilson v. D. R. Hay.*

A page from Christy Mathewson's first copy of "Lee's Guide to Checkers," covered with the annotations he made as he studied the game in his early convalescence

in the Santanomi, the type of apartment familiar to residents of Saranac; non-housekeeping, with a main dining-room downstairs and service for bed patients who have their meals brought to them. Mrs. Mathewson and Christy, Jr. came up to share it with him. "After that I was not very lonesome," he says. Mrs. Mathewson was his only nurse, as she is his comrade today when she accompanies him on his hunting trips clad in leather coat and riding breeches. She was very emphatic, it appears, with her "don'ts." Matty's blue eyes twinkle at the recollection of those "don'ts." To Mrs. Mathewson goes much of the credit for her husband's gains. Upon her arrival she sensibly asked the doctor what were his chances. "None," came the reply. "I give him about six weeks to live." That was Mrs. Mathewson's secret in those six weeks and in the months that followed them, with their ups and downs. "She was always cheerful," he says. "Lots of times I started to pick up a chair and move it around, or open a window, and she would stop me." The reason was that the new tissue that grows over the lungs is like spider's web, and is easily torn. But Mrs. Mathewson says that the nursing was the easiest part of it. "You see, they gave me no encouragement. But there was so much to be done that there was little time for brooding."

Matty hated to sleep outdoors at the start. "I was cold all the time," he says. "I imagine it was because I lost weight so rapidly. I went down to 158 pounds; then I wouldn't weigh myself anymore; but I probably went down to 150. So I slept in an open room at thirty or forty below, and Mrs. Mathewson slept on the porch." Today they both have the habits of naturalized Polar bears.

From the very first the ball player fought desperately against boredom and depression, those worst enemies of the bedridden. The zest of excitement and adventure had been breath to the lungs that had gone back on him. But absolute rest is essential in "taking the cure." Absolute means that for weeks no motion was permitted Mathewon except of the lower arm. There was not even a chance to stretch at the seventh innings of the long nights and longer days. As he grew stronger he began to search for occupation that would interest him sufficiently to forget his trouble. Baseball is his grand passion as well as his profession, but he takes to anything in which the game element is strong. There are not many games that a man permitted to use only his arms from his fingertips to his elbows can play. He found one, however. The reference is not to the new game based on baseball which has been called after him—"Big Six"—but to an old one. Checkers became his favorite indoor sport. As soon as he could sit up and read he bought a copy of Lee's Guide to the Game of Draughts or Checkers, which contains most of the famous games played by checker champions throughout the world, and he played these out by himself. He became deeply absorbed in analyzing certain moves, studying them out until he discovered why they had been played. He also worked out his own games and corrected some already published. These he occasionally sent to the checker departments of newspapers. The inhabitants of the village began to hear of "Big Six's" love for the game and some of them, patients themselves farther along, came to play with him.

In his living room bookcase is a white cardboard box containing fifty or seventy-five envelopes, each neatly marked in the upper right hand corner with the name of a famous checker game. Inside the envelopes are notations. These represent the collection of two or three years, and file is still kept up. There are clippings from papers as far apart as Syracuse and Salt Lake City; even from Scotland.

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The pages of his "Lee's Guide" became completely worn out, and he had to buy a new copy.

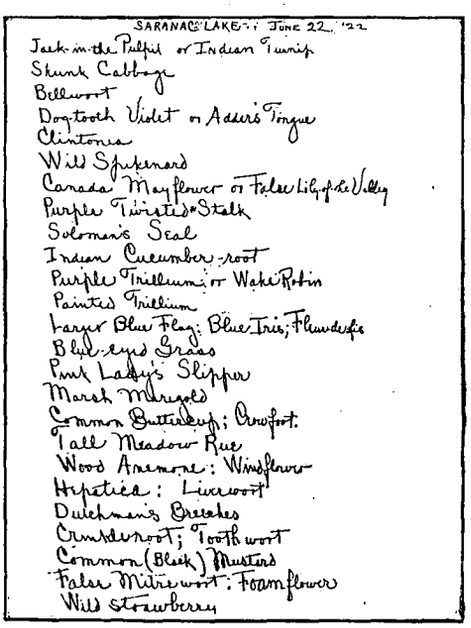
To watch him play out a game is fascinating. His mind is wholly on the business in hand. He is enthusiastic, keen, accurate, swift—mind and fingers move quickly and deftly, and he can play out a game in about three minutes. He once played checkers with the chess champion of the world—and beat him. He is a checker fan incarnate and quotes Edgar Allen Poe's dictum, "Chess is the more complicated game, but checkers the more profound."

One habit clung to him: his newspaper reading; and the sporting pages of newspapers all over the country were printing the story of "Big Six's" fight, along with the ball scores and the ring bouts.

It was amusing to me, to read that my condition was considered hopeless. One writer said that I was in a pretty bad way because one of my lungs had collapsed. That was amusing, too. About a month after I came up here, a newspaper man made a trip over from Boston to find out how much wood I was cutting and how many miles I was walking in a day. I sent word for him to come up, but after that they couldn't come in for a year or so. The strain was too much for me.

Hundreds of letters poured in to him from patients who had read the newspaper accounts. Patients told him about their cases and begged him to help them get well. He would talk these letters over with his wife, and together they tried to answer all of them. He also received letters filled with well-meant but useless, and sometimes humorous advise. "Sleep in a livery stable," urged an admirer. And, wrote another, "let us send a calling horn (the sort that is used in the south for hunting) and blow it every day for an hour." Matty thoroughly enjoyed these letters, and appreciated their underlying kindliness and desire to be of help. "They gave me something to think about," he says. "At least a hundred of them were worth keeping."

The tally of his fight was not the score board back of center field, but the temperature chart. Gradually, by absolutely obeying the rules of the game, he began to see results. The thermometer went down from 102 to 101, then to 100. When be began to put on weight he gained rapidly, but this did not encourage him as much as the lowered temperature. When the mercury reached 99.2 and 99.1 and remained there for days, and then ran up to 100, he grew impatient at the slowness of his progress. He wanted to see more people, but even at 99.1 a game of checkers with another player would bring up his temperature, and the doctor and Mrs. Mathewson would have to call a peremptory halt. Then Matty would lie back again against his pillows. "All right," he told himself, "I guess it's a case of wait a little longer."


SARANAC LAKE, JUNE 22, '22
Jack-in-the Pulpit or Indian Turnip
Skunk Cabbage
Bellwort
Dogtooth Violet or Adder's Tongue
Clintonia
Wild Spikenard
Canada Mayflower or False Lily of the Valley
Purple Twisted Stalk
Solomon's Seal
Indian Cucumber-root
Purple Trillium or Wake Robin
Painted Trillium
Larger Blue Flag; Blue Iris; Flowerdeluce
Blyd-eyed Grass
Pink Lady's Slipper
Marsh Marigold
Common Buttercup; Crowfoot
Tall Meadow Rue
Wood Anemone; Windflower
Hepatica; Liverwort
Dutchman's Breeches
Cranesroot; Toothwort
Common (Black) Mustard
False Mitrewort; Foamflower
Wild Strawberry

As soon as he was able to take short walks Matty developed the hobby of studying wild flowers. These names in his own hand writing are part of a list that has now grown to a yard or more long

The recognized treatment for tuberculosis is rest, fresh air and good food. But there are several special treatments which are adminstered by experts in certain cases. Pneumothorax is one of these, and it was resorted to in Christy Mathewson's case. The method is to pump air between the walls of the pleura, which is the double sack that encases and protects the lung. This air forms a cushion that prevents the affected lung from breathing, thus forcing upon it absolute rest, so that nature may have every possible opportunity to build new tissue over the tuberculosis area. The treatment is generally used only if one lung is affected. Both of Mathewson's lungs were involved, though one only slightly. This greatly increased the dangers of the operation, for the lung that was nearly normal had to perform not only the work of two, but had to heal itself as well. The air that is pumped into the pleural cavity leaks out frequently and must be renewed, and the operation, though not a painful one, is very uncomfortable. In some cases a fluid forms in the cavity, causing a rise in temperature and increased weakness. This, too, happened to Mathewson, and later on it became a complication that brought him nearer death than he had ever been before.

At length his temperature chart recorded "normal," and he was permitted to sit up in a cure chair for half an hour a day. His meals were still brought up on a tray, and with deep longing he looked forward to the day when he could go downstairs to the main dining-room. Mrs. Mathewson prepared whatever there was in addition to the regular bill of fare, a bit of pheasant or partridge in the kitchenette, to tempt his appetite. He could not understand how a person could lie in bed and eat three meals a day. He waited eagerly for the time when he would be put on "exercise."

I felt then that I was improving. It was quite a task just to put on shoes at first, or to dress, to walk around the apartment, or to sit in a chair. But that happens in every sickness. The next thing, in nice spring weather, was to put on a good overcoat and to take a (*Continued on page* 296)

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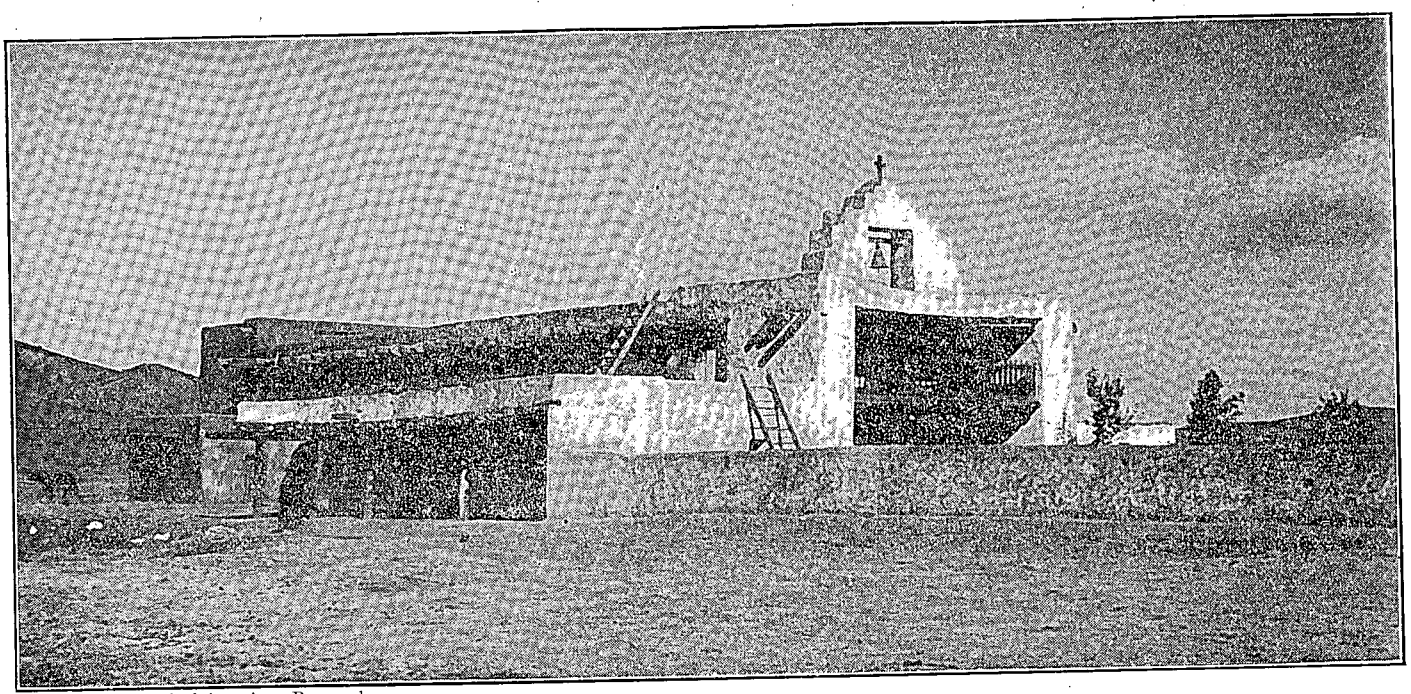

Courtesy of School of American Research

The great white face of the adobe church at Santo Domingo

Christmas in the Pueblos

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

The priest chanted his Latin prayers. . . . . A young Indian boy, with his head bound in a purple fillet like an ancient Greek's, lifted the sacred book and swung the censer. . . . . Four young Buffalos, with black painted bodies and horned skins on their heads and shoulders, ran in and danced before the altar.

THE fires that blaze on the hills above Santa Fe on Christmas Eve had died down into darkness as we drove out of town. The pungent smell of burning piñon followed us a little way, a real Christmas smell. But beyond the outpost of the government Indian boarding school, the sagey-cold aromas of the desert night were waiting. Here the Indian universe seemed to begin. The heavens so infinitely high above us were pricked in a fantastic star pattern, and the icy dark poured like mercury against our faces. By day this road is a shadow drawn across the empty land. In the night-mystery it was an inevitable path in which our bodies, one with the swift movement of the car, with the revolutions of earth and firmament, with the sculptural line of the mountains, flowed on toward the southern pueblos.

When we reached the stupendous drop of La Bajada we saw our first lights: a tiny Mexican cluster under the cliff, and another a few miles west at Peña Blanca, where live the Franciscan Fathers, who minister to the Catholic souls of the region, including our Pueblo friends. Further south a fire raised a column like a pyre. That must be at Santo Domingo. So already they were preparing the mass and the ceremonies—San Felipe pueblo, our first objective lay a dozen miles south of that. Off we dropped into nothing, moving in jagged streaks, like the lightning, only so slowly, down the naked face of the cliff, and blinking as the river deep below swam up to meet the stars. We had a rented Cadillac and a young poet held the wheel.

Again on a level, a thousand feet below the cliff, we were flowing south along the desert trail. The dark was less aerial than on the upper mesa. After we crossed the railway at Domingo station, the sandy roadsides loomed above to right and left. But there was always the crystalline path of the stars shining above. And somehow the poet knew the turn when we reached it: a gorge of several miles; a suspension bridge spanning the Rio Grande and we were almost at the aboriginal village with the Christian name, sheltered under a lava cliff on the western bank.

By night a Pueblo village puts on a much more ancient and inscrutable mask than it wears by day. The last time I had approached San Felipe, on an ordinary October evening two months before, the great white face of the adobe church, lighted by a giant fire, stood out from the enveloping blackness like a picture on a screen, and an Indian voice,

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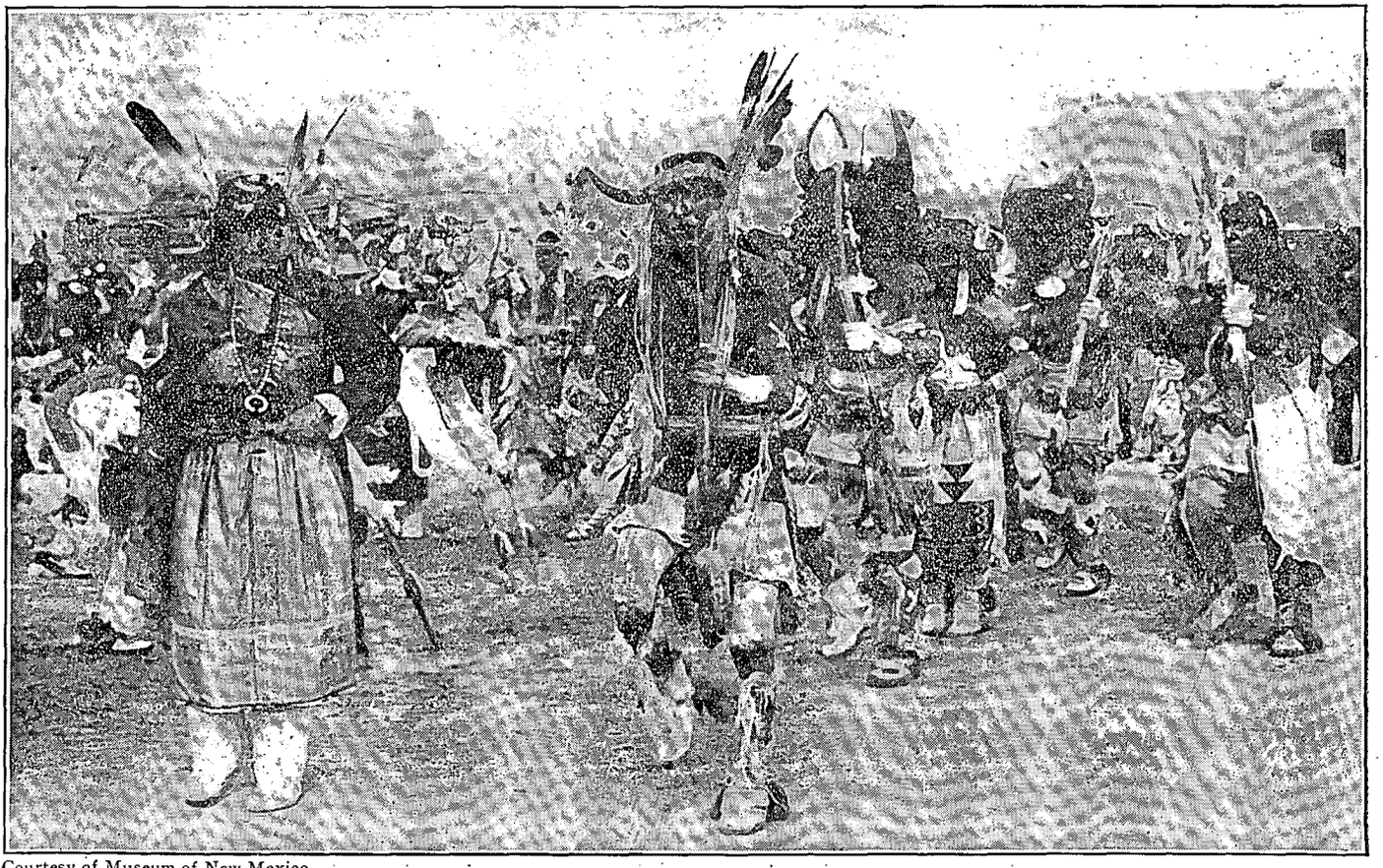
chanting in a sort of authoritative monotone, as it were a priest's, drew out of the houses many jostling human shapes whom one divined, though one could not see them. And after all, that was just a Teniente, summoning all San Felipe men to pick corn for the Cacique tomorrow. Doubtless the preparations for this feast we were about to witness had begun several days ago, for so it is with Indian ceremonies. Doubtless—since they are almost always thus heralded—the Crier had appeared on a flat roof and chanted a traditional song very close to the one literally translated by Fewkes as follows:

All people awake, open your eyes, arise,
Become children of light, vigorous, active, sprightly.
Hasten clouds from the four world quarters;
Come snow in plenty, that water may be abundant when summer comes;
Come ice, cover the fields, that the planting may yield abundance,
Let all hearts be glad!
The knowing ones will assemble in four days;
They will encircle the village dancing and singing songs—
That moisture may come in abundance.

Yet now that the day had come, this Christmas Eve which was to show us, we hoped, such a strange mingling of pagan and Christian creeds and ceremonies—well, tonight there was no fire, no light, even in the houses, no stir in the streets as the car wound through. The village might have been a prehistoric place, dug out of an archeologist's trench. Dead. Uncanny. Silent. It was only the brightness of the heavens that illumined the cube-like shapes of the houses, the long blocks, with low flat-roofed upper stories, terraced back, built as by a child's fancy about the small plazas. The poet driving the car felt his way along. Here was the church at last, a long rectangular bulk of white adobe, with two oddly molded towers on the front, lit by the stars. No light in the door. No candles shining out—

We came to a stop by an orchard wall, and the boys took the wood we had brought and made a little fire on the mesa. With thermos bottles and sandwiches and blankets, Pueblo fashion, over our heads, we might hope to keep warm till midnight—by the flash light, not so long away. It was incredible that just in this frosty spot, two years ago, seeking the shadow from the intolerable glare of the first day of May, I had watched the Corn Dancers moving down toward the church. The apple blossoms were sweet in the air, and the sun burned so fiercely that every red-gold cottonwood along the Rio Grande seemed a flame lighted by its rays. Sandia mountain, a dim cloud-like thing tonight, over there across the river, was blue as a jay's wing that morning—



Courtesy of Museum of New Mexico

"STRIKE YE OUR LAND WITH CURVED HORNS"

The Buffalo dance, like other Indian ceremonies, is almost always held sacred from the white man's camera. This is one of the few photographs ever taken

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But now a small Pueblo form had emerged from obscurity into our circle of brightness. (One person awake anyhow.) Its head and shoulders were hidden in woolly folds. It held into the firelight a silver object, set with turquoises.

"Will you buy? I—me needs pants for school."

We bought and proffered a sandwich. In return, we were presented after a scurry in the direction of the wall, with a net bag embroidered in red wool and full of apples: evidently straight off the school Christmas tree. The child opined "pretty soon Father come and we have mass." That was encouraging. Meanwhile it was bitter cold. We would venture into the pueblo.

San Felipe has the name of being the most closed and reactionary to white influence of the Pueblo villages, and the Indians' friends had learned as much by experience. It was the only place where they had not been welcomed to the councils of the *Principales* for the discussion of the Bursum Bill. I had heard myself the word of the deaf governor, repeated like a sort of fatal chorus by a series of interpreters, and long it rang in my shamed ears:

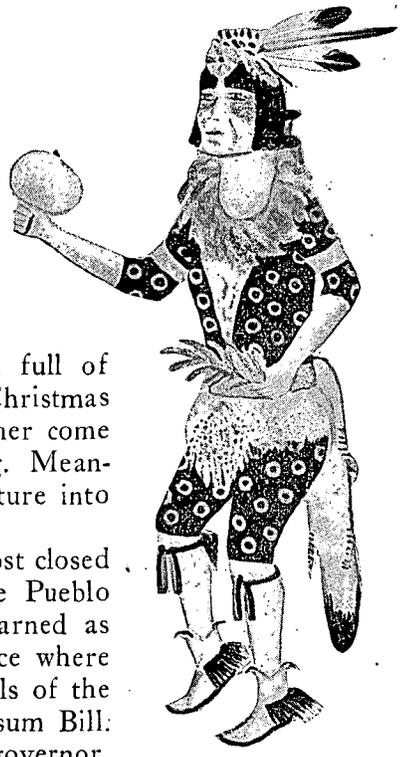
> White men come. They promise all.
> White men go away again.
> What they do for Indian?
> Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

So walking softly, these white ghosts veiled in blankets saw no friendly door to knock at. Perhaps it was as well. They were so much the more aware of mystery, of the nameless primordial life that now at last was beginning to stir inside the house fronts.

A dancer in the Hopi snake dance

Soft drum beats, unaccented and monotonous, sounding from hidden kivas. Piñon smoke curling into the sky. A lighted pane. A woman's laugh. The shadow of an aged head, like a Roman profile, on a door. Suddenly a rolling drum echoed — out-of-doors this—an American rat-tap-tap. That must be the call to mass. Back we hurried to the church.

The double door stood open now and alight, and tiny slits, like medieval dungeon windows, threw flickers of radiance down the long expause of the side wall. In the ineffably cold, clear starlight, this church-shape looked as fundamental as a pottery jar. It *was* an Indian shape, built by Indian hands, smoothed into soft angles, sculptured these centuries ago, when the friars first came to New Mexico, as a shrine to the God of the Christians to be sure, but out of the very substance of the ancient Earth Mother. It was as much a part of New Mexico as the sculptured cliffs. Its front formed a sort of portico, below a carved wooden balcony set in the plaster, and as we crept in we could look down the long nave, empty and whitewashed, and high ceiled, glimmering with candles in tin sconces. Cold, how cold and beautiful. In the twinkling distance, an altar, with a tall screen behind, as in some primitive church of Spain or Italy, painted by Indian artists with a crude archaic grace. Christian symbols. Indian horses, prancing in frescoes on the side walls. But no congregation. None but a silent and rather grumpy Pueblo guard at the door, and the little poetess who, with veiled head like a Spanish woman, sank on her knees.



The snow and rain dance

The air of the small hours, at six thousand feet and Christmastime, is keen as a Damascus blade. It cuts into every rib and bone. We had been in and out of the *portal* a half dozen times, while the drummers continued their unsuccessful attempts to beat up a congregation, before we discovered that such occasional Pueblo arrivals as there were—all masculine—went forward and disappeared near the altar. On investigation we found a little door at the left, where a handsome youth with scarlet-bound head invited us into the sacristy. "More warm," he said hopefully.

Indeed the sacristy was a very cheerful place. A large fire was burning in the three-cornered fireplace. And before it, on a bench, three or four distinguished pillars of the San Felipe Mission, with other brown faces shadowed with long black hair, overlooking them, were playing a gambling game, in a blue cloud of cigarette smoke—quite as if it were not after one o'clock and getting later. The young Father, hovering in the background, all dressed in his stiff silken robes, looked only too miserably aware of the hour. As soon as we ap-

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peared he seemed to take a resolution. Whispering to his Indian acolyte, he seized the Host, and walked out into the church. But in a few moments they were back again, a discomforted procession. The Father set down his sacred burden rather hard and I certainly heard: "Nothing doing!"

The pillars of the mission were smiling to themselves. The central one, whom I took to be an official of some sort put in his truly Pueblo word: "Hmm. Plenty time. *Poco tiempo* we have mass."

The Father drew aside the poets for a confession. If the truth were told, this was his first Indian mass, and he was fairly stumped. They just wouldn't begin. He had been a few minutes late himself, not knowing the way over these black roads in the desert. And when he did get here, the Indians were not ready. He told them—stretching a point because he had to get back to officiate again at Santo Domingo, another twelve black miles—that it was already one o'clock. But the chiefs went out and looked at the stars and came in, shaking their heads. "Not so late. *Poco tiempo* we have mass." He could not budge them. Sending out the drummers was no good, either. The flock would not be herded—

Just then one of the drummers looked in and motioned to the priest. He listened to some sort of message, with growing wonder in his face. Then he drew the poets aside again: "They say—*they are waiting for a Child to be born in the pueblo—*"

When at last the Child Was Born we slipped up into the carved balcony at the back of the church, where, if we had less share in the service, we could strangely feel, in the pictures that flashed before us, the age-old continuity of all ritual and all religion. The congregation was slow in gathering, even now, and scanty. First came a few Spanish Mexicans, the women slim as the Indian women are solid, with black shawls draped over their heads, the men squeezing their black sombreros under their arms, the children trailing after. Then the Indians, women in cerise, in cardinal, in azure, in purple and pumpkin yellow, with white deerskin boots, with silver chains hung with silver squash blossoms, carrying their babies turtle fashion on their backs. The men, walking so softly in their moccasined feet, had their gaily striped and patterned blankets drawn high over head and mouth, like the prophets, and each child had its own little blanket, furled against the cold and worn with instinctive elegance. Down the long nave they formed scattered kneeling groups, more beautiful in the candlelight than the dreams of the youngest poets. And that was saying much, this night when everything from the cold stars to these exquisitely brilliant figures seemed part of some immemorial dream. The priest, going through his traditional gestures and genuflections, chanting his Latin prayers to people who understood them not, except in the language of the spirit, was another mystic figure. A young Indian boy, with his head bound in a purple fillet like an ancient Greek's, lifted the sacred book and swung the censer. At last the Host was raised, and the heads bowed to the tinkling bell, and mass was over. There was no sermon. But before the congregation had risen from its knees, we saw a marvellous sight. Four young Buffalos, with black painted bodies and horned skins on their heads and shoulders, ran in and danced before the altar.

The wild strong cry with which they entered seemed in itself to carry the ceremonial back many thousands of years. In an instant, the Spanish people had vanished, the priest was gone, and the Indians whom the mass had not drawn began to slide into the church like a surge on a tidal beach

The eagle dance

The paintings on these two pages are by the Pueblo artist, Awatsireh, of San Ildefonso

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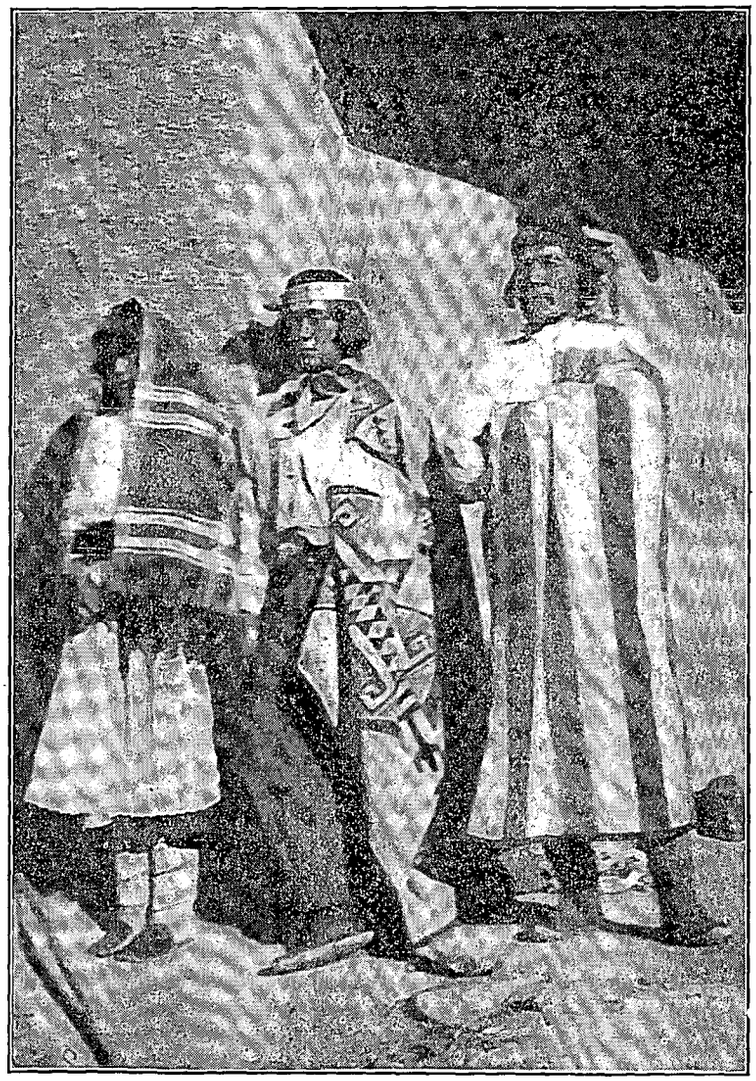
I have seen the majestic Buffalos, with their Buffalo maidens, dance in the sun or the snow on the plazas of Tesuque or San Ildefonso—bringing with them something of the spirit of the plains with which the southwestern Indians, in their arid and mountainous solitude, always maintained a mysterious connection. But this ceremony was a much more perfect and stylistic performance. Four incredibly skilful dancers, the virtuosi of the tribe most surely, were the chief protagonists. The drums, the glimmering lights, the throaty chant, the bold sharp animal rhythms were all created for the glory of the black leaping male creatures, slim fierce fighters of the wilds, claiming primordial rights before the throne of Heaven.

Yet every movement, every rhythm was just as definitely traditional and studied as the priest's. Every one, before it had reached this mold of concentrated perfection, had been fused in the furnace of time. Now facing this world quarter, now facing that, the Buffalos seemed, as Alice Corbin puts it, to strike the land with curved horns. Her interpretation of a Buffalo dance song, though not based on a Pueblo original, comes as close to the spirit of the San Felipe ceremony as anything I have heard among the Pueblos.

Strike ye our land
With curved horns!
Now with cries
Bending our bodies,
Breathe fire upon us;
Now with feet
Trampling the earth,
Let your hoofs
Thunder over us!
Strike ye our land
with curved horns.

When the Buffalos had vanished, another small group of dancers came before the altar. Here the girls were foremost: they wore flowers bunched on their ears, and the song that attended them was full of joyous sweetness. A nativity dance? We never surely knew. For as the celebrants filed up to kiss the image on the altar, we passed the governor at the door—what a benevolent salute he gave us after all—and slipped after the priest into the desert. We, too, would go back to Santo Domingo. What we should see there might be less highly finished than these San Felipe cameos, but it was certain to be full of an intense and powerful beauty and symbolism.

As we drove by the stars of the wise men, we talked of the Pueblo gift to Christ. It was characteristic of the Indian blend of realism and mysticism to wait till the human child was born—and then to pour out as a symbolic offering to love and gentleness this fresh, liberating life stream that surges up from the earth's center at the pound of an Indian's feet, and the sweep of his disciplined body. Such ceremonies as the Buffalo Dance, as distinguished from the more familiar rain and fertility rites and prayers of the growing season, are, of course, hunting rites which go back to the not-so-distant day when the Pueblo lived wholly by his own powers of subjugating and controlling his universe. They are intended to capture and propitiate the creatures of the wild in the winter season. That they should now be entwined with Christian ceremonial is a tribute to the Franciscans, who knew how to tolerate as well as to censure. Perhaps the Pueblo has taken Christianity as just another sort of magic, destined to placate this Unknown which still lies so formidably about him. At all events he is baptized and married by Christian sacraments, Christian saints are precious to him as his fetishes, and in the daily truth of Christianity the white man might often pattern by the red. No one knows better than a Pueblo the tenderness that fills the house when a child is born. For all our years of white man dominance, no one lives more by



Francisco (right) with his daughter and one of the friends who shared in their Christmas celebration

(*Cont. on page* 288)

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Education by Accident

By JOSEPH K. HART

EDUCATION is an accident, or, rather, the sum of a series of accidents. To be sure, we have the legend that education in America is under control and careful direction. It's a soothing legend. "Look at our schools," we say, inclusively. "The future of America is safe as long as those institutions are maintained!" But even this blanket affirmation has taken time; so we nod our heads, once more inclusively, and hurry away to office or club or shop.

But once in a while something goes unaccountably wrong. We lose our complacent and opaque beliefs that everything is all right in this best of all possible worlds. If we are honest, we admit this loss. We admit that events have ceased to be crystal clear. Of course, we don't pretend to understand. "I've done the best I could in that matter," we say, "and just see how it's turned out!" "I educated that boy to be a banker; but he fell in with a group of fellows interested in the arts, and now he wants to spend his life daubing in paints!" "I sent that girl to the best finishing school in the country, and they certainly ruined her. She's going in for women's rights in industry, or something like that. Of course, she never got that idea at the school. That's certain. But she went past a street meeting, one evening, and heard an emancipated woman make a speech. No one could control her after that. The community has too many of these disturbing people in it. It ought to be safe for my daughter to go downtown without running the risk of being ruined for life! Anyhow, when we send our children to school, the school ought to be responsible for the educational outcome. But this school insists that it can't control the streets! I suppose that's so. And, of course, I didn't want them to keep her shut up in the house all the time. But it does seem to me that the streets ought to be safe for young people!"

Education is an accident, today, or rather the sum of a series of accidents. If we should admit, for the sake of the argument, that schools know what they are doing; that is, that they have set up definite objectives and have established definite means of reaching those objectives, we should still be sure of but a fraction of that final outcome which we must include under the term "an educated person." Such a person's experience is woven through and through with materials and colors that never were inside a schoolhouse. The school's contribution to that final result may be never so real; it is still but a contribution; it is never the whole of that final reality. We are educated by all our experiences, not merely by those in schoolhouses.

Of course, this does not make the responsibilities of the school any the less; rather it increases those responsibilities, but in a direction not often considered by either school men or the community. The school's relationships to the ultimate outcomes of education in individual or social life may be compared to the physician's relationship to the ultimate health of the community or the individual.

Do the Schools Enjoy Poor Health?

Formerly, large numbers of the community "enjoyed poor health." "Poor health" seemed to be almost the normal state with them. Accordingly, they were constantly "dosing" themselves with various sorts of "yarbs and simples." The result was a passable degree of health: "Nothing to complain of, but nothing much to brag about." Later, enterprising men put those old "remedies" up in nicely labelled bottles, established a property right in them, and sold them (as patent medicines, warranted to cure almost anything) to the supposedly sick multitudes. Almost any one, reading the labels and the ready-made diagnoses, could find in the list of diseases there printed some malady of which he had been the victim for years. His life could be saved by the simple process of spending one dollar for this unexampled medicine. Few could resist. For fifty years, America revelled in an orgy of curing its "poor health" by taking "patent medicine."

Now, a "patent medicine" is a real medicine. It is made of the same sorts of concoctions that are written into doctors' prescriptions. It tastes just as bad, usually; though, since it must be its own salesman for the most part, it must not taste too bad. Why, then, are patent medicines under such suspicion, today? It must be admitted that all medicines are more or less under suspicion. But patent medicines are almost completely suspect—because the relationship between the supposed disease and the alleged cure is purely and wholly fortuitous. No one knows very much about "cures" of any sort. But reputable physicians insist that health is sufficiently important to be made the object of careful, scientific study; that diseases should be diagnosed by the use of every available means of analysis; that treatments should have some *statable* connection with the conditions discovered in the

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diagnosis; and that any medicine prescribed should fit into this treatment in a rational way. A patent medicine fulfills none of these conditions. A patent medicine vendor pays little heed to the general health situation, to community evils, to unsanitary conditions, to the air we breathe and the water we drink. A patent medicine is above all such trifles. It needs to meet the test of no diagnosis. It is a "medicine-in-general" which proposes to cure "disease-in-general" and to bring about a state of "health-in-general." And it can point to some cures!

The "Patent Medicine" Stage of Education

There are those, today, who think that this description rather accurately fits the educational program of the schools. They say that schools are in the "patent medicine stage" of their development. They see boys and girls, young men and young women, going to schools in the hope of getting an education. Schools are recommended to them. Schools seem the proper thing to take. But they say that school education is, in its actual application, an "education-in-general" for almost any sort of "ignorance-in-general," and it is recommended and guaranteed to produce "intelligence-in-general." To this extent, they claim, it is still a patent medicine: the teacher needs to know no more about the intimate processes involved in the development of understanding and control than the drug clerk needs to know about diseases and their cure. Both are clerks handing out parcels of ready-packed materials. And as long as the public is willing to take its education as it used to take its health, the teacher will continue to be a clerk behind the education counter, having the position of a clerk in the community and drawing the compensation of a clerk! If education is ever to be looked upon as anything else, it must become something else!

Now, on the other hand, there are those who insist that education is altogether as important as health; that if health is worthy of careful scientific study, education is equally worthy of the same sort of study; that ignorance should be diagnosed, not alone as a "complaint" of the individual, but as a complaint of the whole community; that all the factors making for, or that might be made to help toward, intelligence, must be taken into account; that the educational program growing out of such a diagnosis should be stated in terms of all these factors, and not merely in terms of the school; and that the actual share which the school shall have in the establishment of such a program shall be determined by the same sort of painstaking analysis. A patent medicine is a cheap and an easy "cure"; the prime objection to it is that it does not cure! A school education is a cheap and an easy "education"; but the community has come to the conclusion that it does not *educate!* Something is wrong with it. In the long run, we shall find out that nothing but the most fundamental analysis and diagnosis of the whole educational situation will be able to tell us what the trouble is.

That analysis must begin, as all scientific analyses do begin, today, with a study of the general conditions that are relevant to education. Our complainant, earlier in this discussion, urged that the streets should be made safe for his daughter. What does "safe" mean? Empty, silent, sterile? Soft, namby-pamby, imbecile? Children do not grow up in vacuums. The street is going to have some share in their making, even though children should be held on some distant hill-top, with nothing but an occasional view of the street or a bit of idle sound from far below to remind them of its existence. We can't get rid of the street. When scientists found out that water usually was contaminated and unfit for human consumption, there were those who said, "That proves my contention. Water should never be drunk by human beings. Water is all right for washing your hands, or to put under bridges. But human beings should drink the good wines that God gave us!" But the scientists said, "Without settling the ancient controversy between wine and water, we are prepared to say that those who want water can have it, and they can drink it without danger of typhoid fever. Water can be purified!" Can we do as much for our education as we have done for our health? Can we purify our community life as we have purified our water-supplies? We can't isolate our children from our communities. We can't educate them in schools. We can't sterilize a bit of information for them, in text books, and expect them to prefer that to everything else in the world. Experience may not be a unity, but it is too much of a unity to be manhandled in any such way as that.

Where the Community Comes in

Does any parent know what the community is doing to his boys and girls? Does any teacher know what the community is saying about the idealistic lessons the children are learning in the schools? I do not here refer to petty moralities and immoralities. I refer to the great moralities and the profound immoralities of life and experience. Let us consider some of them.

Teachers recommend to the children that they should learn to work, and that they should want to work. What does the community say about work? Does the community want its children to work? And to get ready to work? Doubtless, every community wants its children to live—at least some of them. But there are very few teachers today who know whether the admonition to work and to get preparation for some sort of work meets the de-

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sires of the community, or not; and there are fewer teachers who know whether their suggestions have any ultimate effect in the matter. Not only so, but there are few communities that really know what sorts of attitudes their own children are establishing with reference to such a problem as work. There are legends in every community, but legends are rather likely to be found untrue in important details.

The important consideration here is this, that in the ultimate education of children, the implicit desires of the community are more likely to prevail than are the incidental suggestions of teachers. George Washington wrote in his book of epigrams, "Example is more prevalent than precept!" When example and precept coincide, a maximum effect is produced. But no one knows, at present, whether community examples in the matter of work, and community advice as heard in all such places as movie shows and pool rooms, where advice is so freely showered upon youth, support the advice of the teacher, or not. The school gives its advice in general to the students in general hoping to produce an effect—on all of them, no doubt; but as in the case of the patent medicine, the effect is bound to be "in general"; and that means that in many cases the effect is very slight. No one knows today whether we are moving in the direction of a general belief in the desirability of work; or whether we are moving toward a general effort to escape from work. That is to say, no one knows what the status of work really is in the minds of men and women in the various communities of America. Yet this problem lies at the very center of all our national interests, and it is fundamental in the consideration of morality.

Other problems only less important should be faced in the same way. We need to know, for purposes of education and moral understanding, what our communities are thinking about the question of authority; about social order and social control. We need to know what people think and do about their leisure time. We need to know the direction we are taking with reference to family organization and the whole problem of sex relationships. We need to know whether we are thinking or drifting in the field of citizenship, community membership and social responsibility. We need to be very sure that we know what we think about progress, change, the advancing uses of the sciences, the application of intelligence in the organization of living and other questions in this same area.

These are not academic questions. These are not theoretical questions. These are vital and effective factors in the education of every boy and girl, every young man and woman, every member of the community. But at the same time, these are all, at present, purely fortuitous factors. No one knows his own community, today. No one knows what his community is doing to his children. No one knows what his community is doing to himself. No community does exactly the same thing to any two individuals. The whole matter is in the realm of the accidental, today. Education is an accident. Rather it is the sum of a series of accidents.

Diagnosis vs. Cure-alls

Here, then, is the fundamental task of educational diagnosis. Before we can have educational health, we must know the elements that make up our educational situation. That does not mean that we must "organize" our communities. It means that we must know more about them and how they affect us. It certainly means that our teachers must know more about them. School education, from the fifth to the fifteenth grades, is working in almost complete ignorance of what is hapening to, and in, the lives of the same children when they are not in school; that is, in almost complete ignorance as to the insistent educational influences outside the school—the other side of the children's education. Schools cannot make themselves over, profitably, from within their own walls. Education may never become a complete unity; but it can never be convincingly divided into that which should go on in school rooms, and that which may go on anywhere else under the sun for all the school cares. Education is a fairly unified problem for the child undergoing it. Of course, he is manhandled by all sorts of institutions and forces. But he has his protection and he gets his revenge. Some voices he doesn't hear; some he ignores; and in order to accommodate himself to those influences which he can neither ignore nor escape, he divides himself up into a number of fragments, and passes himself around amongst his over-lords, a fragment to each. In school, he is one sort; at home another sort; at play or in the open country, still another sort. To be sure, this means the division of his attention, perhaps of his personality, and any number of other possible abnormalities that the books tell us about. But in a thoughtless world, what must be, must be!

Meantime, the Children are Real!

Meantime, we shall probably realize some day that children are real; that there is real connection between the realities of the community and the realities of their lives; that a partial community will, by and large, produce a partial personality; a fragmentary community, a fragmentary personality; and that if we want whole personalities, we shall need to develop whole communities—communities, that is, in which the elements of personality we desire for our children shall be present in normal measures, and the elements we do not desire shall be eliminated or reduced to a minimum.

For this service of (*Continued on page* 288)

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Nansen's Mandate for Humanity

By FRANCIS HACKETT

Nansen has come among us and to many Americans who hear him speak it is almost a surprise to find not a legendary Norse hero but an actual human being in a light homespun suit. Mr. Hackett, out of his acquaintance with him at Geneva, out of his own sojourn in the North country, writes of the man behind the legend. Unlike Clemenceau and Lloyd George, Nansen is the ambassador of the small nation rather than of a great power. In a sense, like Robert Cecil, he is minister extraordinary of the League of Nations, of the high purpose and genuine performance of the group of exceptional men who have given color and body and warmth to what was an abstraction, a by-word and a hope. But above all he is the missioner of the "dark valley" of Europe—yesterday of the war sufferers, today of the victims of a peace that is no peace—of refugee Greeks and hungered Germans, and the unemployed and hopeless of "a darker time than the dark ages of the war." He is knocking with the bare knuckles of a great friendly hand at the closed door of American isolation.

TO most of us who are now forty or so, Fridtjof Nansen is a personage of our childhood. He is the tall man with a viking moustache who, when we were children, sailed away in the Fram to find the North Pole. Fridtjof Nansen on skiis, or among icebergs, or with sleigh-dogs and Eskimos, loomed in one's boyish imagination like a figure from the history of the great vague outer world. Some, indeed, had actually heard him lecture, as they had not heard Christopher Columbus, and therefore they could be sure he was not timeless but was placed on two feet in the middle of contemporary life. But there must be others for whom his name is still tinged with high remoteness and iridescent with the early romance of his career.

Now early romance, to be quite honest, doesn't wear. It is not a thing our harsh generation has gone on living with. Our early heroes—in the end one used quietly to edge them open and learn they were packed with sawdust. We began Victorian, with rice pudding and the family album, the starched petticoat and the reddened Sunday knee. But Victorianism was a something not ourselves that makes for weariness. Many of our heroes having obligingly walked out from the halo we set on them, we helped them to assume, not the noose of martyrdom, but the seven and one-eighth hat of average humanity.

But one must be fair, even to heroes. Outside the land of auld lang syne they may be intolerable, but the alternative to the halo is not always the pot-hat. One must recognize the right of a discharged hero to vindicate himself, to become known as a real personality, abundant with life, in the world where one is actually at home.

A real personality is precisely what Nansen is. In Europe today, so far as I have seen it, there is no more humane or engaging figure. Instead of remaining a footnote to his own youth, after the fashion of explorers, Fridtjof Nansen has made his youth the right introduction to his ampler development. Instead of living on his endowment of fame, on the usual condition that he remain a figurehead, he has deepened his scope, become a positive force in the most serious European situation within memory, and, even more significant, has held to a view of life which bridges the war. He is in no sense an echo, a reverberation, of his earlier self, but he is still of a piece with it. He is a ripened personality who has worked out in post-war Europe those very qualities which carried him across Greenland and sent him through the Arctic. In the words of the Belgian, M. de Brouckère, Nansen has shown on a vast social scale "What human kindness can achieve when it is united with an indomitable will."

In the torrents of misery that the war let loose, Nansen has worked as bridge-builder and rescuer. With every other helper, whether the little band of Friends or the giant brotherhood of the Red Cross, he has cooperated as the situation and their respective strength demanded. He has set himself to a task in wrecked lands and among uprooted peoples which cannot be finished in his lifetime. But while a quality of will distinguishes him, while he combines with what we briefly call enlightenment a clear knowledge of elemental human needs, a healthy impatience of red tape, a vigor and a confidence, which have brought order into essentially disordered and ugly complications, it is not these practical moral characteristics which make him so engaging. It is, perhaps, that all these serviceable gifts, these ponderable works, reveal that he possesses the art of life.

It was not Nansen, after all, who found the North Pole. It was a somewhat dryer and tighter kind of man.

And Nansen's greatest post-war work is sometimes contrasted unfavorably with the work of a man like Hoover. But though Hoover's services in Belgium must kindle one's gratitude forever as an example of magnificent impulse magnificently organ-

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ized, one reverts from Nansen's similar services to a certain imponderable something that is like radium in the air. His work with war prisoners and famine victims and refugees, his response to the children of misfortune, is the biggest comment of his whole career on the music he finds in the instrument of life. He speaks somewhere of the way a man feels, in the North, "when the mist clears and the mountain summits shoot up, one behind another farther and farther away, on which the eye of man has never rested, and in the farthest distance peaks appear on the sea-horizon." It was this big vision that sent him out, answering the beckon of danger, the magnet of the unknown. The same summons reached him when the war was over and Europe sat listless among her dead.

I caught my first glimpse of Nansen in the council room at Geneva the other day, as he stepped inside the door. He is one of those men who enter a room with a personal brightness. In his homespun suit, with his fine bearing, he might have been a soldier in civilians, but he had not the eyes-front of the professional soldier, and he carried a wide-brimmed, light colored hat which would have made an English officer shudder. (It looks as if it had seen better days in the cow country.) I was surprised to note how fresh he was, in spite of his white head and his sixty-one years. The rake of his moustache, the strength and obstinacy of his jaw, the lean agility that came from him, made him still the picture of a northern fighter. But this fighter with a big forehead for some reason did not look fierce. In his blue eye, at the moment, there was less the glance of steel than the candor of sky and the light of northern sea. He listened to the man who was speaking—M. Hanotaux, a statesman with a cold bilious face—and his attention kept liberal and alive.

To watch him is to see that his athletic body, the body of the hunter, is behind everything he expresses. When you look at him you do not say, "That heroic citizen takes his fifteen minutes' exercises in front of an open window every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and eats a bread-and-milk lunch and stands eighteen minutes after each meal." You look at him and you say, "He may have a slightly enlarged heart and overtax himself climbing mountains, but the man is born to drive hard, to glory in his strength. It is not an accident that he is intelligent, to judge by the shape of his head, but neither is it an accident that he is a born pioneer, to judge by his worker's hands. He is own brother to the Norwegian skipper, the Norwegian woodsman, the Norwegian mountaineer."

It was not for nothing he was named Fridtjof, the "thief of peace." But the peace he steals is his own and always in the service of others.

International Newsreel

Some irradiating quality, a touch of genius, has made him mitigate the agonies of friendless people

Those who have sat through lunches with the desolatingly self-important can hardly welcome the chance to meet a celebrity, but it is an easy and happy experience to meet Fridtjof Nansen. He is not reposing on his damp solemnities or worrying about the fit of his halo. He likes to talk about the work in which he is immersed. He does not watch one prudently over the ground-glass partition of his diplomacy. If he really cannot convey the truth about a given public character without frankness, he bursts out, with gusto, "he is a reptile!" He is not taciturn, out of ambition, or reserved, through fear. If he avoids harsh judgments, it is because he has a thriving "will to understand." By nature he keeps

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clear of those ambition-zones that breed jealousy, hatred and strain. His mill-race runs fast enough to clear itself of any weed, and he gives the impression, so different from most public men, that he is the untrammelled architect of his own career.

He is not overladen with responsibility. He has helped Wrangel refugees and Bolsheviki, Greeks and Turks, Jews and Poles, Bulgarians and Serbs and Italians. He passes over frontiers as lightly as the shadow of an airship. He sees through political surfaces as the airman looks to the bottom of deep waters. He does not berate governments, he deals with them. He does not condemn peoples, he understands them. Looking on him as a pure specimen of the Protestant Nordic blond, I tried to sound him to see if he was privately aware of the innate superiority with which Protestant Nordic blonds are blessed. And he says, "Well, one must agree, they have made a contribution." But he might be saying, "Yes, the cabbage grows in Trondjhem."

"IS he naive?" one asks—since he says nothing to give blacker depth to the political oppositions of Europe. He is, I think, naive in the sense that his values are not political values. He works with governments, statesmen, public committees, international bankers, great powers and the givers of decorations. But he remains a man in touch with realities different from the conventional realities of the Great Society.

This story I heard from a Dane in Copenhagen:

> I had one of the two berths in a sleeping car compartment going up north in Norway," he said, "and I had gone to bed, thinking I was to be alone. But about midnight a man came in—a regular Norwegian, tall, square, blond. He surprised me by being in full evening regalia, white tie, long tail coat and his chest covered with decorations; and he surprised me still more by hastily pulling off his tail coat, orders and all, and stuffing it into a rucksack. Then he climbed into the top berth and went asleep. I didn't sleep very well, so I noticed that this fellow got up about three o'clock while it was still dark, and dressed in corduroy hunting clothes. He left the compartment quietly, but I was curious about him and when we stopped at the station I put my head out of the window. There I saw the big man go along to the baggage car, from which he lifted out a tremendous pair of skiis. And away he strode in the starlight, with his skiis slung over his shoulder.
>
> Then I asked the conductor who this man was. Why, don't you know him?" he said, "that's Fridtjof Nansen."

A man who can treat his blue ribbons like that, not to speak of his party clothes, does not belong in the political menagerie. Even at Geneva, where the ideal is cooperation, power is a religion and the garb of a diplomat is the vestment of a priest. The members of the Council do not raise their voices, but the Alps across the lake are not more cold, more distant, more unconquered, than the isolations which hold these nationals apart. At the center of nearly every heart at the council table there is the belief that each nation is a solid body set in a God-given position and ruled by the law that two solid bodies cannot occupy the same position at the same time. It has reached some minds that these bodies move, and that collisions between them are painful. But how many really feel the necessity of cooperation? How many even pretend to believe it?

In the service and worship of the state, as in an earlier service and worship, men have become pawns. They are not pawns for Nansen. Even the sweetish words philanthropist and humanitarian do not fit him. Men and women are not objects outside himself for whom he works. They are in his texture. He does not hear of a famine as a European statesman hears of it—something happening at the other side of his political plate-glass, to an enemy. He hears of it as something he himself can experience, and something he may be able to stop. It is hard, burning, strong emotion that, in another form, might have made him a sculptor with Michelangelo.

But the state, after all, is not from another world. It is a projection of human nature, of its brute force and its brute fear, but also of its decency. If a man really concerns himself with public objects, he can no more turn away from the state because it is Leviathan than the postman can stay home because it rains. The state, one might say, provides the climate in which a public man must labor. And no living man can be indifferent to its weather. So, in his own country, Nansen has shown himself to be a political man. The small state is undoubtedly his political ideal, at the present time. His face clouds sadly at the mention of big emigration from Norway. He feels as if the life blood of his country is flowing away, and he smiles ruefully at the compliment that America welcomes immigrants from Norway.

I happened to mention to him his daughter who went to Cornell, and with real delight he told me how that young lady, on vacation with another Norwegian girl at a big farm in upstate New York, was able, when sickness came there suddenly, to turn from the role of guest to take care with her compatriot of the entire herd, to milk, feed and water the cattle, clean the stables. His smile gleamed, his eyes flashed, when he told it. It answered to his type of pride. On such pride, when Europe itself fell sick, he has built his own work of the post-war years.

As one goes back in his career, looking for clues, he is not more humane and civilized than fine writers "above the battle," poets, philosophers, Brahmins. But there is something in him not usual in the last category of that group so happily classified by the League of Nations as "women, children and intellectuals." As a youngster you find him refusing to take a prize for skiing when he sees that another class of competitor skiis without a staff. His

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currency, you come to think, is not paper currency. He has a gold reserve. He agrees that he went exploring for the old reasons. There is a gain in fisheries, in whaling and sealing, in fur. It tempers the human will for the conquest of difficulties, it is a school in manliness. But beyond that, "driving man forward on the path of evolution," is its great illusion, its complete devotion to an idea. "As long as the human ear can hear the breaking of waves over deep seas, as long as the human eye can follow

A big man on skiis, with the candor of sky and the light of northern sea in his face. With Nansen in this snapshot are (left) Wilhelm Morgenstierne, former counselor of the Norwegian Legation at Washington and (right) Professor Jacob S. Worm-Müller, the Norwegian historian

the track of the northern lights over silent snowfields, so long as human thought seeks distant worlds in infinite space, so long will the fascination of the unknown carry the human mind forward and upward."

One can well understand that when he got engaged he came around to his sister and his brother-in-law at two in the morning to wake them up to tell them!

But ardor has glowed in men who were nothing more than superb hunting-dogs. With Nansen there was rationalism, agnosticism, the true critical impulse of the nineteenth century. He began with scientific work in a museum. After his explorations he became a professor and oceanographer. He studied the ocean mainly because the fishing industry is of such sharp importance to Norway. He was planning travel in a new field, in Asia, when, poised in his strength and his lifework, a scholar, a lover of nature, a hater of cities and artificialities, the World War crashed on him like a personal horror.

In July, 1916, he finds himself in Norway, in the mountains:

One feels light enough to fly, almost, and one's thoughts swim in the blue air to the north to the firm lines of the Ronde-Fjell. Space everywhere. Valleys like small cracks in the mountain plain. Far down there, undulates the stream of humanity. Up here, it seems to be distant. One breathes freely, there is peace for the eye and the soul.

But other images appear, from further off. They are fortifications, trenches, mountains of crippled human flesh.

No, no, even here it is impossible to escape from the terror out there. It never leaves one in peace.

And, in through everything one sees, come the cries from millions of women who have lost everything, lover, husband. You see despairing mothers searching for their sons—gray, bent fathers searching for the family's hope.

A nightmare of insanity. And no one can stop it, no one.

The very foundations of society are shaking. The peoples of Europe, "the bearers of culture," eat each other, tramp on culture, lay Europe in ruins. For whose profit?

It is like a landslide, raking more and more with it on its way to the abyss—trees, woods, houses, farms. Horror increases and increases; all know that the whole valley will be buried, but no power can stop it, it must go its way.

And what are they fighting for? *Power!* Only power! Those who began, in any case.

Could it be otherwise, then? A culture which puts *power* as the highest aim of peoples cannot lead mankind forward, it had to lead hither toward destruction. . . . .

As Fridtjof Nansen, there on his mountain, watches the horror of Europe, it is as if the good European sees European culture give way, rotten inside. "Like a tree in the forest it fell when the storm broke loose."

But does he despair, does he fall to his knees?

Look at these great mountain shapes. Earth lies here as it was left by the ice, as it has lain for thousands of years. It has possibilities for new working generations. No need to grieve. If those who existed were the type who ate each other, it probably will be good to get new.

For two years, and longer, Europe continued to spin in this dance of death, to the music of the state, and then came the exhaustion which has been misnamed peace. At last there was a chance for the neutral to leave his mountain. It was not long before an English Quaker went to Norway to ask Nansen if he could see his way to help.

How could he help? There are strong natures who, in such a crisis, feel the most pressing necessity to spend themselves. Having been a neutral in the war, and a man above the battle, Nansen was not at the same time a detached observer. He was, if you like, romantic. He had in him, not simply a passion to be right, but a passion to carry out the right, to *do*. Hence, his first question was, "What can I do?"

Well, there were those unfortunate devils, the

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Russian prisoners of war. It was a task superhuman. The governments to whom these prisoners belonged had become dumb, deaf, blind. Russia, in whose power these men remained, was unable to help itself, let alone to help its enemy aliens.

The outcasts numbered hundreds of thousands. They included villagers, simple people whom the tidal wave had swept up as wreckage. No care was possible for these prisoners of war. They lived in a misery hardly to be believed. Their clothes had rotted, their habits had become debased, their minds benumbed, their feelings verging on madness and despair. All of them had been at least three years interned, some as long as six years. Russia said that nothing could be done for them, and that two hundred thousand must be allowed to die in the winter of 1920-1921.

Dr. Nansen, [said the delegate of Belgium to the Third Assembly of the League] Dr. Nansen, to whose active love of humanity no appeal is ever made in vain, accepted this heavy responsibility. At that time, many experienced men considered him rash; the work was so immense and the resources almost non-existent. The most optimistic considered that part only of the soldiers could be repatriated and that even this would take many years and would only be achieved at enormous cost. On July 1, [1922], Dr. Nansen had completed this repatriation, and the funds placed at his disposal had not exceeded £400,000.

Everythingg was lacking, but Nansen's fertile genius improvised all. There were no ships, and the transport crisis was at its height; Nansen found ships. The mistrust of the Soviet Government had to be surmounted, and Nansen secured its good will. The International Committee for Relief Credits could only furnish limited sums—less than one pound for each life saved, and that only in the form of loans. Nansen secured so much help, so much good will, so much cooperation, that mere lack of money could not stop him.

With about $1,500,000 to spend, he managed, with the Red Cross to help him, to bring 427,386 persons out of Russia and Siberia, and restore them to their homes.

In 1922, when the work was nearly over, a shipload of ex-prisoners was collected on the shores of the Black Sea. Nansen told the Assembly in 1922 what their nationalities were. There were 452 Czecho-Slovaks, 282 Hungarians, 213 Germans, 183 Roumanians, 142 Poles, 1 Swiss, 123 Austrians, 116 Jugo-Slavs, 30 Italians, 11 Belgians, 3 English and 2 Bulgarians. In this company of misery there were 500 women and children. And every one of them was sent to his country and his home.

A man at Geneva told me that his sister went into a cobbler's in the Austrian Tyrol, and fell into talk with the cobbler about the League of Nations. He said: "I owe my life to it. I owe my life to Fridtjof Nansen. Four years I was interned in Siberia, and I gave up hope of escape or release. And then he saved us. In this village in the mountains there are three of us who owe our life to Nansen."

Here, at last, was a man working in Europe whose psyche had not been bathed in the acids of the war. In his nature there had not developed that monstrous nationalism which, accepting the machine-process as implacable, ceases to feel humanly and hates in the mass.

The Russian famine, as he saw it, was not something politically acceptable. It was humanly intolerable. He could not, like Lord Robert Cecil, assent to the Russian blockade. At a time when England was spending one million pounds a day on army, navy, and air, and when France was spending two million pounds a day, he asked the League of Nations to extend a loan of ten million pounds sterling, with which he could bring grain (otherwise useless) in ships (otherwise idle) to millions (otherwise damned). The League of Nations refused. He had himself seen the state of things in Russia. He had seen the bark and grass and bones ground to powder, he had seen the dung, which had become articles of food in the famine district. He had seen human beings who had eaten their own children. He had seen human beings who had opened graves to eat the corpses. Still, the nations refused. The press had poisoned their mind, Russia seemed remote, they had money for war but not for relief.

It was Nansen, backed by the urgent pleas of Norway, who brought European help to Russia, to combine with the immense help from America.

A traveler in a Russian train some weeks ago heard a feeble voice exclaim. He looked around and saw a sick Jewish student lying in pain with a hot-water jug on his stomach. "Fridtjof Nansen!" this man said, "he is loved by all in Russia. His name ought to be written in the sky with letters of fire."

The misery of the refugees who were driven out of Russia by what a French statesman called "Bolshevik excesses"—these were just as real to Nansen as the misery inside the soviet republic. Nansen knew what it was for these refugees-without-a-refuge. They were penniless, no longer citizens of the land from which they had fled, and unwelcome in the lands to which they had come. They huddled in waste places that invited epidemic, without friend, without occupation, without a roof, without hope, having no need or excuse for existing, barely preserving the will to live.

To these people the League of Nations adverted in 1921, and it asked Nansen to handle their plight. But while the League was willing to make him high commissioner, and the Secretariat was heart and soul with him, the governments which comprise the League refused to give him any money with which to bring them succor. As a result he was compelled to solicit particular aid from particular governments.

In such a position, most appointees fret and fume for some months, make their protests, at last contrive an incident, and resign. (*Continued on page* 294)

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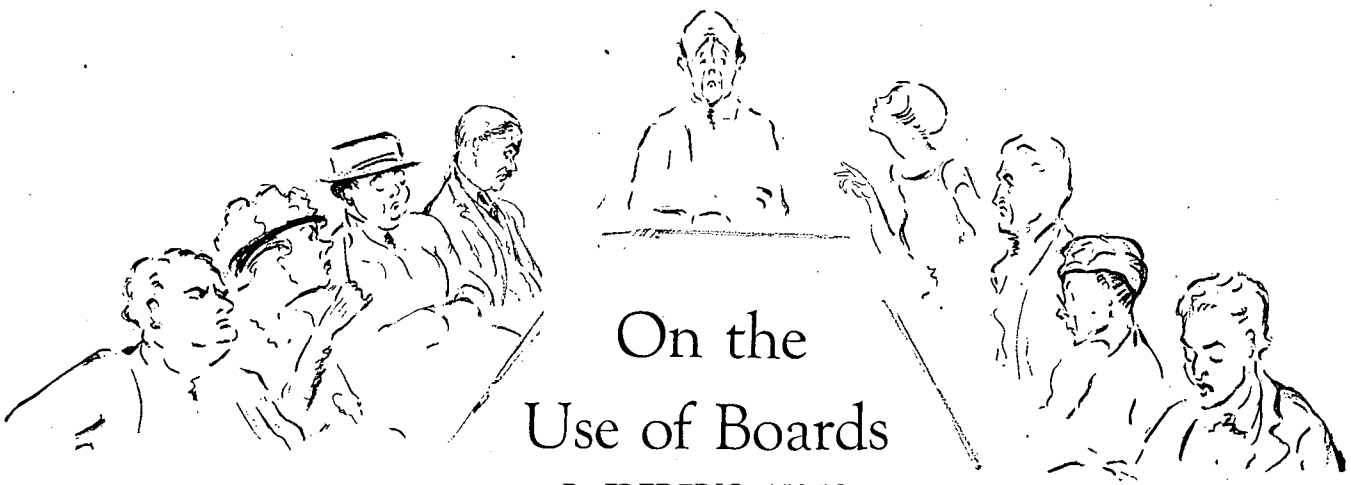

On the Use of Boards

By FREDERIC ALMY

Illustrated by Esther Andrews

Boards are not made of living wood;
No young sprigs on a board are fitting.
Sap makes things grow, you know, and could
Disturb a Board's perpetual sitting.

No sitting Board will move or walk,
Except to move a resolution.
Dodona-like, a Board can talk
(And talk, and talk) but execution

Might change that Board. A living coal
Could even change a board to embers.
Remembering that unwelcome goal
'Tis seldom that a Board re-members.

Creative youth makes change and motion
And many a Board prefers to sit.
It sits on youth, without a notion
That youth instead should sit on it.

A garrulous woman

The president-perpetual utters
Perpetual truths. Youth is reproved
If it occasionally mutters
That possibly the world has moved.

A lavish dame in raiment splendid
Speaks countless words, of which the drift
Is that all poverty is ended
When once the poor acquire thrift.

A weighty man, of generous girth,
Says that the talk of minimum wages
Is arrant Bolshevism, not worth
One-half the time that it engages.

A garrulous woman talks her fill
Of how this wicked world wants mending;
With all her faults, we love her still;
And still she talks, a stream unending.

A lavish dame

Yet Boards do very often move.
One single member, if dynamic,
Can get a Board out of its groove
And fire it with a spark galvanic.

Dead wood is not so hard to kindle
If fire is skilfully applied.
When dead wood goes, the board may dwindle
But this is often justified.

Boards make our platforms, firm and stable;
But stages, too, from boards are made
(The choicest boards), and these enable
The world to move; for by the aid

Of stage on stage, advancing ever
From goal to goal, the world moves on.
We pray thee, God, that Boards may never
Be merely things to sit upon.

A weighty man

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The Man-in-between

By HUGH ARCHBALD

The difficulties and worries of the man who stands midway between capital and labor—described with humor and sympathetic understanding by the former superintendent of a Pennsylvania coal mine

"HUGHIE. Isaac and I do have an argument yesterday and we do want you to decide it."

"All right. What's the argument?"

"Well, I do say that self-preservation is the first law of nature and Isaac do say that specific gravity is. Now which is it?"

That argument between those two bosses from the mines was a measure of their understanding. It was, however, hardly a farther-fetched argument than one can discover concerning work and industry. Work is the means of self-preservation for most of us. Industry is a social matter, and we would like to know the positive laws, the "which-is-it," down to the last detail, so that our worry concerning our own self-preservation would be less. The thoughtful delve into economic discussions and find broad generalities, but no echo of their daily problems.

One can hardly turn around nowadays without hearing some one glibly mention a law of supply *and* demand. Practically one knows that wages are set by supply *or* demand. There is a difference. One reads much of Capital and Labor as if they were two similar things and could be opposed. Practically one knows that no parallelogram of forces can be constructed out of these two things. For Capital is an empirical thing, inanimate, measured by a relation, a relative thing. Labor is a teeming thing, full of life, immeasurable, a forceful thing.

The struggles of life are really me and you going to it for a fraction of self-preservation. You come into contest with the other fellow. I am a servant of my beliefs as you are a servant of yours. Our fiercest struggles will arise out of our beliefs. They are convictions, not scientifically proven things.

It takes years for a philosophy, developed through the reasonings of some scholar, to become the property of the ordinary man. Lag is a thing which you struggle against in developing electrical power. It means a loss and trouble. It is a common thing in many a line. The present-day, garden variety of philosophy can be found set forth in books of the date of our grandfathers. Time-capturing books can be transported across oceans and handed down from our fathers. Oceans and time, however, divide different social conditions, and theories developed under one condition may not fit a later. To eliminate lag is part of the problem. In that time or place where I have never lived, capital could have been so distinctly the possession of one class that it could have been assigned a character equivalent and opposite to labor. Today, however, capital is not an innate class affair, mixed up with production, but there has arisen a profession of men whose work is the care of capital, as an engineer cares for machinery which belongs to others. There is more capital than there ever was before and enough work to confine one set of men. The gap between the caretakers of capital and the workers has been filled in by a continually enlarging class of men who both belong and do not belong in both the capital and labor class: the bosses of work, the men-in-between.

Troubles there are in the world, troubles whose causes need to be thought out. Industrial troubles are the troubles of the hour. The men-in-between, in daily charge of actual work, make up the sieve through which are filtered the actions and reactions of groups of men. The outlook which they have towards their work and the philosophy which guides their actions need to be examined by the scholars. What are they called upon to do and what should they be expected to know? How do they impress their own character on what passes through their hands? Who are they; where do they come from?

The sieve has nothing to say for itself. The man-in-between is ordinarily disregarded. An instance of this is shown in that book concerning English conditions, Frank Hodges's Nationalization of the Mines, where it is calmly assumed that the operating man will perform his work without its making any difference who controls the mines. It is an assumption without warrant. There is a background in every man, of rearing and training and education, which weaves into his character the fabric of a philosophy that lets him fit easily into a certain situation. Change it and he will be uneasy.

A friend, the superintendent of several mines, appealed to me the other day:

"I would like to know what you would have done. I had a mine foreman at one of our mines and he was too easy with the men. The men got to coming regularly to work late. I told him about it, but he

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did not get after the men and I had to put on another man. I got a roaring Irishman who could lay those men out cold if they did not get on the job. A little while after I put the second man on, the grievance committee came to me and said that I would have to put the first man back on the job; that the men had decided that they would not work for the second foreman. What would you have done?"

"How do you measure a good foreman?"

"Why, he made the men work."

"Perhaps there is a third who is better than the other two."

"Aw, Gee. You can't tell me that you would let a bunch of men tell you whom to employ as foreman. I am easy with the men, too easy, but I would not go that far. Why, things would be as bad as the government."

There was no use arguing with my friend. Each of us has a different philosophy, a different attitude toward our work. He is clean, honest, likeable. He is entirely unconscious that there is such a thing as the engineering of the organization of work. He does not understand the relation between that engineering and discontent.

Have you ever turned over to workmen worn, second-hand machinery? When you do so you will be told that you ought to have bought new machinery; that that particular old machine is no damn good. It takes a born tinker who loves tinkering for its own sake to bring an old machine up to proper pitch. It is the nature of most humans to desire a bright new machine which will run with little care.

The born tinker, however, to do his work must have good tools. The fellow with the new machine can slop along with poor tools until his machine is in disorder. Then he will need the tinker with his good tools. For well-cared-for tools are the prime requisite in keeping machinery in good repair.

Tinkering While We Travel

Socially you never can have a bright, new machine. Perhaps that is why there is so much grumbling at society. The man-in-between always must take some hand-me-down. The cylinders will always be worn, and the oil which is necessary in the crank case is always slipping up and fouling the spark plugs. Social oversize piston rings are hard to make. The crank-shaft itself will be worn, allowing connecting rods to side-slip with a resultant knock in the engine. The tinker must scrape and file each new part which he fits into its worn place. He must tighten up old bolts and hunt for new ones and finally freshen the whole with a coat of paint.

A machine of iron and steel will stay where it is put. Tools put away in their proper place in the shop can be easily found when wanted. The social machine keeps going. It must be tinkered while traveling along a country road where each thank-you-ma'am puts some new strain upon it.

Philosophies are the tools you use to repair the social machine. Those possessed by the man-in-between are ordinarily worn hand-me-downs as much as the machine itself. Accurately machined tools for social work are not a part of commerce yet.

Good tools are a part of engineering. They have been developed along with the sciences step by step. Schools for teaching only engineering began in the time of our older fathers. They have wrought changes in age-old things such as agriculture, and they have been going long enough to have the matter of their teaching common knowledge. Following the engineering of machines has come that partly social engineering which developed out of the work of Frederick W. Taylor in engineering the organization of the work of many machines. It is more recent and is not such a matter of common knowledge.

There are contrasts in the level of common knowledge. Science has no beliefs, no trusts. Debatable "which-is-it's" are continually eliminated. An engineer is no longer expected to find wells of flowing water or hidden gold through the twistings of a forked stick. A common knowledge of human engineering has not supplanted beliefs in the efficacy of forked sticks.

Why is it that my friend, and so many of my friends, demand angrily if workmen have a right to say who shall be foreman? Of all the objections which workmen make, that question raises the reddest rage. "What business have men to object to any foreman?"

"It would be as bad as government."

"But analyze for me why government is bad."

"Why, everybody can vote."

"Vote how?"

"They vote for the politicians who promise them something."

"Are democracies better than autocracies?"

"Yes."

"Why have autocracies broken down?"

"Because the people would not stand for them."

"Didn't the autocrats know the engineering of their job or didn't they mind their job? Is there any similarity between old, forgotten political revolts and present-day industrial troubles?"

Life is a jumble of things; but is there in the control of work an inheritance running back a few thousand years to the time when kings of necessity took over the attribute of divinity from the temples? Have the professional caretakers of money, while taking over the work of the nobles, also taken over a good part of their philosophy of life and handed it down to those whom they have trained up in the trade? One trusts friends, and friends have similar beliefs. Have the men-in-between, trusted by the

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caretakers of money, inherited beliefs from those who have already inherited beliefs?

The men-in-between cannot be absolved from all responsibility for customary beliefs. They report back their troubles to those who are not in such intimate contact with the work in hand and to whom they are responsible. They are the ones who say the machine is no damn good. In reporting, the incidents are colored by the beliefs they hold and give a corresponding color to the beliefs of others.

My friend had no definite measure of what does constitute a good foreman. He had confidence and belief in the man whom he had employed and he was satisfied. There was no specific task to be accomplished. But as the physicists are needed to develop such things as specific gravity to measure relations, so too are the tinkers of the social machine under necessity of developing relative measures to determine if parts are fitted to their task. The beginnings are coming. A committee of engineers have measured roughly the waste in industry.

Generalities or Jobs?

The scholars in their studies may reason in generalities. Out on the job you realize that there is a difference in the tasks which the men-in-between are called upon to accomplish. There is a contrast, for instance, between coal mining and the development of electricity by water power. The initial cost of building dams and power houses far exceeds the cost of developing a bituminous coal mine. In the operation the cost of labor is about as small in making electricity as it is large in bituminous coal mining, where it is 70 percent of the cost of production. The electrical man-in-between has a small human engineering job. His need is technical knowledge. The coal man has a smaller technical job and a large human job.

The electrical man has a science of electricity to guide him, and a large part of his work is dealing with inanimate material which will stay put. It is not so crucial what he does in a human engineering way and, still, being called upon to be scientific in one way, he will incline to be scientific in another.

In coal mining the reverse will hold. Science has not bitten any deeper into coal than it has into human engineering. It is rough work and therefore, according to the philosophy of the industry, it needs a rough man; rough as contrasted to vigorous.

My friend was satisfied with his roaring Irish foreman. "Gee! You ought to hear him go for the men. Why, I was standing down at the tipple one day and he was up at the mine and I could hear him calling down a motorman who came to work five minutes late and said that his wife was sick."

Scientific management?

A banker who had had thirty years experience with coal mining and was recently looking for a man to fill the position of general manager of a coal property, said to me: "You have written a book, and I do not know whether a man who can write, can also do." Would it be held up against a trained electrical engineer that he had written a book?

The manager of a large coal-mining company operating many mines, remarked: "Coal mining has got to get over the trick of selling coal at ten cents a ton under the other fellow and then expecting us out on the job to take it out of the men."

The electrical man will not have such tasks come to his hands. The rates for electricity are stable, and set by a public service commission. The electrical man-in-between will not be called upon to do the things which are asked of a coal mining man. The scholars seem unconscious of these differences.

The electrical man, needing a knowledge of a science, is more likely to have come into that line of work at least partly trained in an engineering school and with not as fixed an outlook on his work as a coal man who starts in as a boy, getting all his training in work where he acquires all the handed-down philosophies of that industry and nothing else. To the electrical man-in-between with his different training it might be irksome to do things which the coal man would accept as natural and right.

There is a Gaussian curve of shading differences as you pass from industry to industry of what the man-in-between is expected to know and to be able to do. Within each industry there is a Gaussian curve which has narrower limits and which conforms to a median line of philosophy for that industry. The closer any individual's philosophy conforms to that median line, the more easily will he fit in.

Coal mining, for instance, even by law requires a "practical" man-in-between who has had years of training as a laborer in the mines. There is no common knowledge of his biggest problem, that of human engineering. The colleges have not taught it along with the teaching of the elastic limits of materials or the capacity of machines. The personal need of self-preservation of any college graduate who is out of touch with the median line of philosophy will move him to seek another line where his own character can fit more easily.

Meanwhile the individual misfits perched along some extreme end of a Gaussian curve and the tinkers out on the job, using old tools and longing for new, smile acutely over that story from the mines:

"Evan. Would you rather be killed in a collision or an explosion?"

"Well, Thomas, I do not know. I would be dead anyway, but what is the difference?"

"Well, if you do be killed in a collision, there you are. But if you do be killed in an explosion, where the 'ell are you?"

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Being warned of God in a dream—

Shadows of the Christ

THOSE who have ventured into the groaning, hunger-shadows beyond the Rhine, in these lean unhappy days of *"Sturm und Drang"* called peace, have found few spots as peaceful as the placid little capital of the Thuringian states, Weimar, "where old Goethe lies,—" where *"die gute Amalia"* held her rural court, and where one may still find certain quaint silhouettes of dignified ladies and courtly gentlemen, cut from black paper and pasted on cardboard by the young Goethe himself.

It is a far cry from the vanished court of Weimar with its ribbons and velvet and flowering waistcoats and silk hose, to the raucous clash and clamor of industrial Germany today, its post-revolutionary revolutions, its gaunt destitution, its chaos, its demoralization! And yet, in the midst of it all art survives. Not merely the newer gaudiness of jangling dissonances and rectangles. Not merely jigging cubes and angry triangles stabbing the eye and offending the sense with their battalions of hectic hues and bizarre confusion. Not merely the pathological grotesquerie of dadaism imported from Paris. Not merely frightful cartoons of naked souls, grief-harrowed, hopeless, and writhing in the torment of the damned, which are the heritage of the war. Also, here and there, lighting the gloom with the serenity of more peaceful days, are glorious achievements in symbolic drama and stage-craft, and the purer, patient challenge of deep religious fervor.

Young Germany is tenaciously demanding a better world, determined in the face of bitter realities to dream it into existence. And among the younger artists none is more daring, more sincere and moving then Melchior Grossek, whose silhouettes of the New Testament are reproduced on this and following pages. After he left the army, and before, Grossek turned to art for release from the insufferable world about him and found a means of expression for his skilful pen knife and mastery of line in new experiments in the old, stiff medium of silhouette—experiments which he has been enabled to continue at the Art School at Munich through the generosity of American friends.

He soon discovered that Goethe and his successors had not developed the possibilities for rhythm, for expression of subtle emotion latent in the silhouette. With a sense of form and movement almost as acute as that of the modeler in clay, Grossek contrived in time to make his paper speak, to cut beauty from blankness, and to make sermons in shadows as they had never been made before. With a sure instinct he turned his pen knife and his wit, not to the dainty sprightliness of the pixies, as did Dieffenbach before him, not to the dancing elves and tripping fairies of before the war, but rather to the deeper notes of human struggle and pathos and grandeur, and especially to the portrayal of the more serene and poetic moments of the greatest human drama of the ages—the story of Christ.

Here, in his shadow pictures of Christ by the Sea of Galilee, of the Flight into Egypt, of the Prodigal Son, is a quietness, a serenity, a gentleness that is almost gay, as of one who has plumbed the depths of peace beneath surface tempests.

B. D. A.

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Who hath ears to hear, let him hear

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For the poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always

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Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants

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Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and be merry. For this my son is dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found

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Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized of John in Jordan. And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him. And there came a voice from heaven, saying, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

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The Coming

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

He may not come again, yet will He send
A younger brother, who, shall be our friend.
Perhaps there will be modest signs to show
The quiet way that he will go;
How can we know?
Once there were thorns, but would we find them
now—
The shadow of them—on his brow?

Grim paving stones shall know his feet,
And in the street,
From upper Broadway, going down
To Chinatown,
He will find friends, "I walked with them,
One morning in Jerusalem."
And facing sin, his lips will smile and say,
To some frail woman of the scarlet way,
In words that are still marvelled at, today,
"Go, sister, nor do I condemn."
But when men ask for miracles; to see
Some loved form loosened from the chains of
death;
His mind will turn again to Nazareth,
And "If they seek these greater things of me,
"There must be greatness in their souls," says he.

I like to think he'll walk in country lanes in spring,
And touch the sweet white hedge-rose with his
hand,
While timid things that creep, and things that sing
On jewelled branch, or flashing wing,
Will understand,
And brush his fingers, looking in his eyes,
With bright, but inarticulate surprise,
And he will whisper, as he used to do,
"O little furred and feathered creatures; ages
through,
"My heart has claimed you for its brothers, too."

Still will men say, "Is this an avatar,
"Who enters Boston in a motor car,
"And hurls no fierce denunciations from afar?"
And hear his answer: "All things pass;
"It were not seemly now to ride an ass."
Yet shall be banquets with the publicans again;
Sleek office holders; public men;
Lawyers and brokers, and at ease
With all of these,
His lips will smile at doubtful tale and jest,
Responding gently when addressed,
While only his deep eyes will say,
"Brothers, there is a better way."
And only his own heart will know
The kindling glow
That warms into intensity
When in a secret haunt where evil sups,
He hears a drunkard in his cups,
Hail him as "Brother!" openly!

And when the very humanness of him
Turns deep weariness of mind and limb,
He will climb upward in the dawn again,
Above the huddled shadows that are thoughts of
men,
And talk with glimmering wind and flushing
cloud,
And the white morning star, aloud;
Then, after an immortal hour there,
No other heart but his great heart could bear,
He will return; come softly down
To the awakened town,
And stop beside a little factory girl—
Her brain awhirl
With longing for some silken gown
A glittering shop displays;
Thinking of ways—
And he will whisper, "That soft hue
"Colors the dawn clouds through and through,
"And God has painted them for you."
Yet might he quaintly add, "Had I the gold
"My two cupped hands would hold,
"Trust me to buy this rosy trifle for you, too."

Doubtless, he will not lack a roof and bed,
But pay the price like any drummer at an inn,
And when his morning tasks begin,
Wearing a felt or straw hat on his head,
Will take the subway or a bus,
Like all of us.
And we may sit beside him, wondering why,
The quiet stranger has so calm an eye!
But if he ventures to express
Some bold opinions in the press,
That win the world's attention, and its praise
For nine long days,
A voice will cry: "How can his words be good
or true?
He comes from the same city that I do!"

So he will come and he will go,
And what new portents shall there be to show?
Only a pale saint of the latter day,
That was a woman of the scarlet way?
Perhaps his heart will be contented with one cry
Of "Brother!" from a drunkard when he passes by.

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EDITORIALS

HERE we are giving up a generous share of the December Graphic to our report for the year as a mutual enterprise and putting out what is known callously about the office as "the editor's annual scream" (p. 245) for money to make the mare go. We need that money. But it is not the whole story. Time, writings, letters of suggestion, criticism, cooperation—these things from friends the country over count the whole year through. And nothing would mean more to us than for you who read this column to send us by early mail some scrap of experience, some query which baffles you which some other reader may have an answer for, some interesting piece of work so told that it may be copied, some discovery, some anecdote with a human content, something to swap with others in the marketplace of the common welfare.

LLOYD GEORGE'S appeal, in his swing around our circle, was not to the intellectuals. He failed to give a keen analysis of the present situation in the Ruhr—in Paris, London and Berlin. But his speaking drew many people who would have roared themselves hoarse, had he shouted that Germany was down and was getting all that was coming to her. Instead, the man who more than any one else in the world is identified in the public imagination as war premier and war maker, gave such of his hearers a new slant; the slant that, as former Ambassador Davis put it at the closing meeting in New York, force alone cannot hold what force has won; that unless the United States and England make justice and right again living realities in Europe, the game is up. Lloyd George echoed the old ethical challenge of a war for democracy and justice, and applied it to the present.

He probably disappointed American liberals; he didn't go far enough or hard enough or explicitly enough. But he opened the minds of many people to the need for waging peace in Europe, for the same reason we waged war. And that was the important thing.

NEW YORK state has acquired the foundation of law necessary to support a thorough-going and constructive health program, according to her state commissioner of health. This does not mean that New York state is the promised land where no infant, pre-school child, school-child, or adult suffers from a preventable or curable physical defect. Far from it. Much labor, sustained by devotion and directed with intelligence, must be expended locally and individually to rear the house of health upon that legislative framework. But at any rate it is encouraging to know that in one state for a time the disciples of Hygeia can concentrate on the goddess herself, instead of evangelizing voters and legislators.

Notable among the recent laws which have contributed to this foundation is that whereby the state offers a subsidy of 50 per cent of any sum expended by a county which does not contain a first or second class city for new work calculated to improve the public health. This bill offers the means whereby the country-dweller may hope, for example, to find within a resonable distance the advantages of hospital diagnosis and care which his city friends take for granted. In the town of Warsaw this hope is being translated into accomplishment. Encouraged by the state subsidy, the town has floated a bond issue to provide a hospital, which will serve as a medical center for Wyoming county. Cattaraugus county, scene of the Milbank demonstration in tuberculosis and public health, has used the law to tackle rural health problems in what is perhaps the most logical way; by establishing a county health department under a full-time medical health officer. While the county health department has passed its experimental stage in such successful organizations as those of North Carolina, or Ohio, for example, and now includes more than a fifth of the rural population of the country, it is still sufficiently rare and untried among the northern states so that this pioneer New York venture is both interesting and important.

"NEVER mind," the German and Austrian mothers told their children, "there will be no Santa Claus *this* year, but President Wilson is coming." Four Christmasses have passed since that fleeting beam of hope which came with the Armistice, and this, the fifth, sees Austria helped to her feet by the League of Nations but only the shadow of starvation deepening over Germany. "Whoever may be at fault, it is not the people who will go hungry, and honest charity inquires no further than that," said Herbert Hoover, endorsing the program of the American Committee for the Relief of German Children, which is underwriting the return of the Quaker relief workers to Germany.

Throughout the past summer half a million German children—selected individually by physicians guided by the instructions of a central committee—have been getting a daily cup of diluted evaporated milk and a roll. The German government provided about half the food and met all overhead expenses; local committees did the work, coordinated in a central clearing house to which the Quakers turned over their program when the Russian famine called them further east in August, 1922; American groups who have been supporting efforts to feed hungry German children for the past three years, provided the other half of the supplies. But with winter and the utter collapse of the mark, not 500,000 children, but two million, must be fed. At two cents a day a child for the winter feeding period—November 5 till April 16—it means five and a half millions of dollars. The Quakers have gone back to supervise distribution through the German organization; the German government is helping; but the dollars must be raised in America.

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THE American Legion has shown commendable intelligence in the way it has set out to help the children of service men. Its first move was to provide at the 1922 convention for a committee to study the subject. As a result, this year's resolutions call for continued study of the Legion "toward the care, education and training of the dependent, orphan children of all service men." The discharge of these duties and responsibilities is to be related to the work being done by "all approved public and private agencies engaged in child welfare work;" it is also to be related to the conclusions reached by students of child welfare as to what is the soundest approach to the job of helping children. The resolutions specify that "wherever conditions permit, the integrity of the home shall be maintained in order that the children of the same family be kept together and left in the care of their own mother, and to this end we recommend the enactment of adequate 'mothers pension laws.'

"Where it is impossible for children to be maintained in their own homes, and after most careful and thorough examination and investigation of all surrounding circumstances where it is found that individual children seem adapted and appear to fit into the home life of certain families who desire to care for them, such children shall be placed in foster homes. This shall be done only when the Legion is in a position, through local posts or otherwise, to effectively and carefully follow up such children and families and thus safeguard their welfare.

"That provision be made for the construction, maintenance and operation of regional home schools that may be used as clearing houses to take care of children who cannot be cared for in their own homes and foster homes or in other ways provided the establishment of such regional home schools to be fostered by the Legion. . . . That such regional home schools be organized on what is generally known as the 'cottage plan'."

DO Americans realize that we have only three months more in which to save Indian culture? This question may sound extreme. It is intentionally so. But the fact remains that if the threat contained in the "Message" to all Indians, issued in the name of the commissioner of Indian affairs on February 24, 1923, is carried out, there will, after February 1924, be no Indian ceremonials. As all genuine Indian life, even when in process of adaption and change, centers in these so-called "dances"—which are really the ritual and ceremonial expression of a religion quite as instinctive and far more traditional than the white man's—their suppression will inevitably be a body blow to Indian culture in general.

If Presbyterians or Methodists or any other sect were suppressed by public mandate, in the sense of being forbidden the exercise of their cult, they would presumably remain not only Christians but all the other things they had been: among others, artists, song writers, poets, athletes, Free Masons, Phi Beta Kappas, and moral beings. But the Indian runs, far more than the white, on a single track. His religion is really, not merely theoretically, one piece and substance with his life. It expresses with great beauty and intensity his unity with God and the forces of nature, and in so doing involves the whole cluster of esthetic and moral reactions which we call a culture. Poetry, song and music, decoration, costume and symbolism, all are interconnected with these Indian ceremonies which Mr. Burke's order would eliminate. As a matter of fact, if the constitution means anything, and religious liberty is guaranteed to all Americans, the Klan might as well suppress the Roman Catholic church as the commissioner order that Indian dances be abandoned.

AN Indian may or may not be a Christian, as a white man may or may not be. The point is that if his dances are eliminated he cannot be an *Indian*. Take, for example, the Pueblos, some of whose ceremonies are described on p. 252. Every Pueblo boy, in early childhood, is initiated with rites which have almost a baptismal significance into a secret fraternal society, whose elder members immediately begin to instruct him in what an Indian boy should know. Along with the secrets of his special order, which he is bound to respect like his life, he is taught honor and loyalty. With the fine, free, agile movements of the dance, he is given the sternest physical discipline. In the dance chorusses he learns how to sing, and how to make poems and songs—one in the Indian mind. The painting of his body, the fabrication and wearing of his costume, these are again artistic and esthetic expressions. The paraphernalia of the dance—prayer meal, prayer plumes, gourd rattles and the like—are of the same nature as the paraphernalia used in Christian ceremonies. And when the beautiful corn ceremony, with its hundreds of participants, takes place in Santo Domingo, or the Shalako fills Zuni with devout worshippers, then not only the actual dancers but every man, woman and child in the pueblo feels an enhanced communion with the universe and with his fellow Pueblos. By virtue of the ritual, he is again confirmed in his deep ties with the Earth Mother, he is again assured that only by his spiritual adhesion to something immaterial, can he maintain his footing in the material world.

Of course there are some half-educated Indians, like the Hopi, so much quoted by the people who wish to suppress the Snake dance, who forswear their own heritage. We have seen half-educated Harvard or Bryn Mawr students squirming, on their return to the paternal roof, in reaction against family customs. Fully educated Indians, though they may not believe all that their fathers did, any more than the modern New Englander believes all the tenets of the Puritans, have a deep respect for their heritage and its significance. They know that it can no more be abolished by order than patriotism, or monogamy, or any other tribal instinct maintained by social consent. Only the processes of time, tempered by scientific knowledge, can transform an Indian ceremony into something less of magic and more of esthetic or dramatic expression.

This is already happening in some of the tribes, and Indian dancing in a few places is being done for a price—like Russian or any other sort of folk dancing. Mr. Burke apparently maintains that Indians alone, of all Americans, may not exploit their ancient customs. Considered from the angle of the white American spectator, such exhibitions, and still more the really religious ceremonies which he may have the good fortune to see, are an absolutely unique and priceless American heritage. They are not only our only native folk expression, of incalculable creative stimulus; they are one of the most ancient folk expressions which still exist on the surface of the globe, of vast importance to all scientific students of man and his ways. If the pueblos were in France, they would be surrounded by a high wall, over which only artists and scientists would be allowed to squint The American method is other. These people are different from the rest of us. There are more of us than of them, so they must be wrong. In the interest of standardization, let us force them to become like us. (*Continued on page* 284)

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Annual Report of Survey Associates, Inc.

THE SURVEY'S ORGANIZATION

Survey Associates, Inc., is a membership corporation, chartered November 4, 1912, without shares or stockholders, under laws of the state of New York—

> *"to advance the cause of constructive philanthropy by the publication and circulation of books, pamphlets, and periodicals, and by conducting any investigation useful or necessary for the preparation thereof."*

Contributions to institutions organized, like Survey Associates, for educational or charitable purposes under the New York membership corporation law, are deductible from state and national income taxes.

SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC.

Publishers of
THE SURVEY and SURVEY GRAPHIC

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Julian W. Mack, V. Everit Macy, Vice Presidents
Arthur Kellogg, Treasurer
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THE YEAR ENDED

1922-23

During the past twelve months we have—

Transmuted our former weekly publication scheme into a twice-a-month schedule which gives us solider business footing.

Carried over our body of readers to the new schedule; renewal and restorations (joint $5 subscriptions) this year 6,681 against 6,741 for the year preceding.

Developed a sales policy for the joint publications at $5 which has proved itself; and centered on that to the exclusion of mass circularization. We had a promotion staff of from one to five people at work in the field, in city and regional campaigns and attending conferences at a cost, $11,198; receipts $14,468; field subscriptions written 3,497.

Secured a total of 4,509 new regular joint subscriptions—a gain of 2,065 over the year before; and closed the year with a "run" count of 13,424 against 11,556 twelve months before; a gain of 1,868.

Invested altogether $29,517 in promotion of new subscriptions and took in receipts therefrom and from sales, $30,476.

Held the greater part of our college and high school courses (where The Survey is used as a current text or for collateral reading); 4,523 short term student subscriptions against 5,186 the year before.

Secured 1,154 new Graphic monthly subscriptions against 1,558 the year preceding, but at a third of the cost.

Wrote a total of 17,017 subscriptions, joint and Graphic against 15,944 the year preceding; receipts therefrom, $60,005.24 against $54,960.47—a gain of $5,044.77.

Held our advertising well in the change from weekly to twice-a-month schedule: $14,719 against $14,826.

Rehabilitated our departmental editorial staff on a part-time basis and for the first time in three years were able to keep it intact throughout the full twelve months.

Brought it to the stage where it is functioning admirably in departments and Midmonthlies and where staff work will increasingly enrich the Graphics.

Brought out four Special Numbers. Joy of Work (January), Russia: Dreams and Realities (March), Spring Planting (April), and A Look Ahead (National Conference Number), which gave distinction to the year.

Carried on the enterprise for a second year without grant, subsidy or capital: depending on commercial receipts and contributions to see us through as a self-contained enterprise.

Suffered a shrinkage in our general fund: $40,316 against $45,587 the year preceding: due in part to transfers to the Graphic Fund of several large contributions, and to the falling off of small contributors who had come to our help in the emergency of the year before. 1,079 cooperating subscribers (against 1,158 in 1921-22).

Total 1,533 member-contributors against 1,685 in 1921-22.

Cleared an overhanging deficit of $5,500 in the Graphic fund of year preceding and brought Graphic contributions to $45,000 for 1922-23; $5,000 short of the goal.

Closed the year with a tiny balance in our general fund.

Reorganized our budget into three main divisions:

Survey Associates General
Survey Midmonthly
Survey Graphic

which segregates our publication units, enables us to gage their progress toward self support, and clarifies the basis for our appeal for non-commercial staff activities and for development.

THE YEAR AHEAD

1923-24

See pages 243, 245

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SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC.
FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Fiscal Year 1922-23 as of September 30, 1923, with Certificate of Audit

I. SURVEY ASSOCIATES (General)

Revenue

Contributions:			
General:			
Large Contributions	$24,473.00		
Cooperating Subscriptions	10,790.00	$35,263.00	
Special:			
Industry	$3,680.00		
Foreign Service	1,384.33		
Social Practice	145.00	5,209.33	
		$40,472.33	
Profit from Jobbing and Reprints		1,244.90	
Discounts Earned		1,836.97	
Miscellaneous		34.57	$43,588.77

Disbursements

Administration		$ 7,316.25	
Membership		7,032.07	
Special Editorial Departments:			
Industry	$4,035.83		
Foreign Service	1,122.93		
Communities	1,708.89		
Social Practice	1,746.85		
Health	2,241.29		
Education	2,383.66	13,239.45	27,587.77
Surplus for the year 1922-23			$16,001.00
Deduct allocation to Survey Midmonthly 1922-23			15,725.43
Surplus for the year 1922-23 as adjusted			$275.57
Surplus to September 30, 1922	$284.26		
Defaulted pledges	90.00		
Surplus to September 30, 1922, as adjusted			194.26
Surplus on September 30, 1923			$469.83

II. SURVEY MIDMONTHLY

Revenue

Subscriptions:			
One half of new subscriptions	$11,860.67		
Three quarters of renewed subscriptions	23,473.07	$35,333.74	
Sales		1,266.96	
Advertising		4,700.54	$41.301.24

Disbursements

Administration		$ 7,316.28	
Manufacturing		16,700.88	
Editorial		15,413.10	
Subscription Extension		11,421.67	
Subscription Routine		2,638.42	
Advertising		3,536.32	57,026.67
Deficit for the year 1922-23			$15,725.43
Allocated from Survey Associates General			15,725.43

III. SURVEY GRAPHIC

Revenue

Subscriptions:			
One half of new subscriptions	$11,860.67		
One quarter of renewed subscriptions	7,824.34	$19,685.01	
Monthly subscriptions		3,719.53	
Advertising		10,019.13	
Graphic Fund		45,000.00	
Dividends on Securities		382.50	
Newsstands and Sales		1,482.85	$80,289.02

Disbursements

Administration		$ 7,316.25	
Manufacturing		25,003.22	
Editorial		17,988.22	
Subscription Extension		18,096.14	
Subscription Routine		2,961.29	
Advertising		8,349.97	
Newsstands and Sales		2,515.41	82,230.50
Deficit for the year 1922-23			$1,941.48
Deficit for 1921-22	$4,500.04		
Advance Expenditure July 1—September 30, 1921	2,023.67		
Total Deficit September 30, 1922	$6,523.71		
Defaulted pledge	500.00		
	$7,023.71		
Contributions received for 1921-22	5,500.04		
Deficit to September 30, 1922, as adjusted			$1,523.67
Deficit on September 30, 1923			$3,465.15

Unexpended balances in two restricted funds outstanding on September 30, 1922, have been disbursed as follows:
California Fund $169.78 in field promotion in California.
Foreign Travel Fund $154.33 allocated to Foreign Service Fund.

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of the Survey Associates, Inc., for the twelve months ended September 30, 1923, and certify that the above statement is correct.

October 27, 1923. HASKINS & SELLS.

FOUNDERS OF SURVEY GRAPHIC

WE are midway in our endeavor to establish Survey Graphic as an illustrated monthly magazine—as a carrier to wider reaches of the public of the things The Survey has long stood for. To this end we set out to secure a development fund of $50,000 a year for four years, raised by means of contributions put without restriction in the hands of the board of directors for the educational purpose in view in the same way that gifts would be made to a college or university.

The experience of publishers is that investment made in any given year takes from three to four years to reproduce itself. Our commercial receipts for the second year total roughly $35,000 against contributions of $45,000. This new year our hope is that they will match dollar for dollar the Graphic Fund, and that in the fourth year they will become the major factor in Graphic revenue. Such an outcome rests first of all on completing the fund so that we may employ it to best advantage.

Contributions for the first two years and pledges for the third are acknowledged below:

	1921-22	1922-23	1923-24
Mrs. George D. Pratt	$10,000	$10,000	$10,000
Mrs. Henry G. Leach	5,000	5,000	5,000
Mrs. Willard Straight	5,000	5,000	5,000
Mr. George D. Pratt	5,000	5,000	5,000
Mr. & Mrs. John T. Pratt	5,000	—	—
Mr. Samuel S. Fels	3,000	3,000	—
Miss Loula Lasker	1,000	1,000	1,000
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THIS fall, at the close of the second publishing year, we again fell short by $5,000 of the fund needed. And again we must hope to find friends to complete it, as part of a four year constructive plan.

WE now enter the third publishing year, with $40,500 pledged toward the needed $50,000. Our appeal is for the remaining $9,500 in the early months of the year when investment counts.

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EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page 277*)

The Franciscan missionaries were wiser. They gave the Pueblos Christianity and allowed them to feel that humanity and religion were deeper even than Christianity. Christianity and paganism were one at the point where they united the sons of men in wonder and awe at the mysterious beauty of the universe. If the authorities which have most control over the Indian's destiny continue their present policy of destroying his culture, our red brother will become, entirely by the fault of the American people, a sort of peon, with no self-respect and no intrinsic faith. Now is the time to take a stand against such an outcome.

MEANWHILE Secretary Hubert Work of the Department of the Interior is to be congratulated on overruling the plan for the allotment of lands belonging to the Palm Springs Mission Indians in California which would have necessitated taking barns, orchards, and improved land from one Indian to give them to another, and in consequence have disorganized the tribal life.

On hearing the arguments of the representatives of various Indian welfare organizations, as well as the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, supported by affidavits, maps and other documents, Secretary Work agreed to withhold his signature from the allotments and postponed any action into the indefinite future. The Palm Springs tribe is thus given a continued lease on life in a region where they have been from time immemorial, and where their lands were guaranteed to them under one of the "lost" treaties of 1854.

IF you take the Classified Telephone Directory of New York City and turn to "Banks" you will find four columns of fine print—considerably more than three hundred names. These three hundred banks vary in size from the tiny specialized institution which handles the savings of some immigrant group to the great aggregation with forty branches. Among them, as their names show, are a few which were first organized to serve the interest of some particular group—the Chemical National, the Coal and Iron National, the Dry Dock Savings, the Corn Exchange, the Emigrant Industrial Savings, the Importers and Traders, the National Butchers and Drivers, the Seamen's Bank for Savings, the Textile Banking Company. In every other large city is much the same situation—a few banks theoretically established in the interest of some special industrial group, and a great number doing generalized banking, but all of them grown away from their original province and become part of the great mechanism through which the millions of the wage-earners are pooled with the profits of business and manufacture, agriculture, transportation, trade, the professions, and organized philanthropy.

George W. Hinman points out that at least ten billion of the seventeen billion dollars of accumulated savings of the country belong to wage workers. Until recent years they have been content that professional bankers should handle their ten billions for them. But after the war, when the credit situation became acute, particularly in the Middle West, a determined effort was made by the wage-earners to reap the advantage of their savings. Two labor banks were established in 1920, two in 1921, five in 1922 and six, so far, in 1923.

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And now the tactical bearings of the situation seem to have got under the skin of organized labor. In 1922 the executive council of the American Federation of Labor charged: "Example after example might be cited to bear out the finding that banking facilities are being used to destroy the trade-union movement and to impoverish the workers through the savings deposited in our banking institutions." At the 1923 annual convention just ended, the executive committee stated that, "At the time of the preparation of this report practically twenty-three labor banks are either doing business or are about ready for business. In addition about twenty more such banks are in process of organization." The resources of the fifteen of these banks for which records are at hand together with those in which labor own respectively 33⅓ and 40 per cent of the stock amount to more than $94,000,000.

Now comes the announcement that John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, will head a new labor bank in Indianapolis with capital of a million dollars. And the United Mine Workers of America has a membership varying between 500,000 and 1,000,000.

From the Middle West the movement has spread west and east sparcely dotting the whole country, and has leaped the Atlantic. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Banks in New York and Chicago are already cooperating with the Industrial Bank at Moscow. A chain of labor banks is being established in Chile with the encouragement of the government. Labor banks with resources of a million and a half have been established in Palestine. A large trade-union bank has recently been established in Berlin and similar banks are planned in Mexico.

All this means a great deal more than merely the establishment of labor banks: it means a new stage in the status of wage-earners; a taking up of new tools for new uses; the growth of new demands and new ways of satisfying them. For whether it be a struggle between labor and capital for the fruits of industry, or a copartnership between them, the accumulated savings of the wage-earners themselves are a powerful asset. There have been instances in the past, when belligerent control of credit has been used to coerce employers inclined to settle a strike. It is conceivable that in the future the financial backing of selected industries by labor banks might effect the establishment of a living wage more quickly than government commissions or public investigations. The move may in the long run come to mean a closer drawing of class lines; it may mean the contrary; a sharing in experience, in business knowledge, in responsibility in a more organic social economy.

THE tap root of the American periodical was its British prototype. But in the course of time we outstripped the British publishers in developing the illustrated magazine. Harper's had for many years to publish a non-illustrated edition for its English readers; so hide-bound were the latter in their conservatism. But while Americans thus had the ginger to strike out along fresh and original lines in the general magazine, when it comes to the periodical of ideas, we have clung tenanciously to the overseas models. Herein lies the distinction of the format of the new Forum which Henry G. Leach is investing with a refreshing spirit, much as Walter Hines Page did in an earlier decade. Mr. Leach and his associates have approached the printed page no less than the printed idea, as something which is not graven on brass, unchanged and unchanging, now and forever, amen. They are applying some of the secrets the advertising men have been learning from the psychologists

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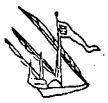
and the visualists in the last twenty years. It is good to know that the journal which is employing these progressive methods is one which believes in tolerance and open discussion and is a carrier of progressive ideas.



"I HEAR America singing," remarked the poet. We shall soon be able to improve on that vague statement. In Portland, Maine or Oregon, from Duluth to Biloxi, the attentive listener will be able to say, confidently, "I hear America singing No. 13," and will forthwith join the chorus. The Committee on People's Songs reported to the Recreation Congress that it had selected twenty songs "as the best songs of American origin used in community singing," and the congress resolved to recommend "that all social agencies aid in the frequent singing of these songs until our people can sing them from memory." Here are the twenty that are to form the cornerstone of our culture:

Old Folks at Home
My Old Kentucky Home
America
Old Black Joe
Dixie
Battle Hymn of the Republic
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
There's a Long, Long Trail
America the Beautiful
The Star-Spangled Banner
Home, Sweet Home
Good Night, Ladies
Juanita
My Bonnie
Mother Machree
Till We Meet Again
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean
When Good Fellows Get Together
Smiles
I've Been Working on the Railroad

Much might be said of this list. Much will be said. Some will condemn it for the poor stuff it lets in, some for the good things it omits. But there is comfort for both sets of critics. The ephemeral songs included will die, song-leaders and social workers to the contrary. And the rarer and finer things in our musical tradition—the Negro spirituals or the southern highland ballads, for example—will gain rather than lose by being left to their own proper milieus. No one who loves them would welcome an effort to make them interchangeable parts in a standard American repertory.

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK, writing in the New York Times Magazine Section under the title A Government of Professors, epitomizes Prague as the "most medieval city in Europe" now the "laboratory of twentieth century politics." Long-time readers of The Survey will recall our special Prague number, interpreting the community survey carried out there by the International Y. W. C. A. under Ruth Crawford, since then one of our contributing editors; but they would scarcely have anticipated the following bit:

"Imagine the editors and contributors of The Survey—I was about to say The New Republic, but they are too old and disillusioned—translated into Czech and enabled to carry out their theories of social reform on a nation-wide scale, and you catch something of the zeal and satisfaction animating the Department of Social Welfare in the capital of Czecho-Slovakia. I spent one of the most cheerful mornings I have enjoyed in Europe in these bright classrooms learning the outlines of the vast legislative programs in effect and in prospect."

Mrs. McCormick would be interested to know that President Mazaryk has been for many years a member of Survey Associates.

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EDUCATION BY ACCIDENT

(*Continued from page* 259)

diagnosing communities with reference to their educational effectiveness, we shall need men and women with types of training which have as yet scarcely come within the vision of democracy. The problems lie in the fields of social psychology and the logic of education. But back of these sciences there must be rich experiences in living, real contacts with the infinite varieties of human life and a vital belief in the essential dignities of human personality. Students in these fields must have some of the social imagination of the novelist and the poet, since they will be dealing with real creation. By draining off some of the surplus talent from novel writing and poetry, the world might escape some part of the present flood of literature and might gain greatly needed help in the reorganization of its social living and its education. Real experience in living, real faith in humanity, real mastery of the underlying knowledges, real social imagination: these are some of the qualifications of the educational leaders of the future that democracy must have if we are to escape from the patent medicine stage of education up to that level where we can dare to diagnose; where we shall have learned how to diagnose; and where the community will commit itself to the stimulating leadership of educational diagnosticians.

There are plenty of quacks still in medicine. There are plenty of representatives of "old schools." There are plenty of obstructors. None the less, medicine goes on, and health advances. We have added years to the average human life, the doctors tell us. The doctors have had some real share in this: not the doctors of the "old schools," but the scientists. There will long be quacks in education, faddists and believers in short cuts. There will long be representatives of the "old schools." Such things need not worry any one. Progress is never a straight line. If there are a few scientific educationists in this country—men and women who see life steadily and see it whole; who can see children growing up, not primarily in schools, but in the general community, and who can therefore see that education is concerned with the whole community—we shall have the factors essential to getting on with the educational task.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PUEBLOS

(*Continued from page* 256)

the harmonies of love and less by the jars of hate.

Arriving at three in the morning in an Indian village, one recognizes kindness when it is given. Before our car had really stopped in front of the Santo Domingo church, where the remains of the pyre we saw from La Bajada were still smouldering, a friend rose out of the dark. It was Santiago, the tribal interpreter.

"I know you. Lady come Bursum Council. Glad to see you. Come my house after mass. You bring friends, too. Don't forget, you spend night my house."

So he ushered us into another candle-lit nave, not quite so grandiosely lovely as at San Felipe—for this church is a modern replica of an older one destroyed by flood—and found us a place to stand on a narrow adobe bench built against the wall. Here at least the shepherd did not lack for a flock. The whole population of nine hundred souls seemed to be in the church, men, women, children with babies on their backs. Mass was just over and as one bright colored stream swept out, another, the dancers, swept in.

Perhaps one-third of them were women, some dressed in garments of fringed or beaded skin, traded from the plains, some in the regulation Pueblo woman's dress, full short black skirt and bodice crossing diagonally to one shoulder, these last with many colored *mantas* of gorgeous silk which

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floated out from their shoulders as they danced. All wore feathers on their heads, and their black hair was cut square and heavy over the forehead, bobbed over the ears, and hung long and shiny—loose behind. All had many silver necklaces and chains of turquoises and wampum, which rattled as they moved, and their legs were wrapped in snow-white deerskin puttees or loose boots. The other and more spectacular two-thirds of the dancers were men, nude but for a short kilt or loin cloth, their strong bodies—for the most part much more finely proportioned than the women's, at least by white standards—painted in diverse crude colors and designs of the type now popularly called cubistic, though the cubists, of course, originally borrowed them from primitive art. Their faces, too, were stencilled in weird geometrical fashion, in cunning harmony with the color scheme of the body and with the silk head band or war bonnet, and had curious tinselly marks scratched straight across the cheeks, near the eyes, to indicate the clans. Heavy silver belts and wrist shields, rattles of turtle shells or bear claws hung below the knee, tomahawks and spears and sometimes shields completed the accoutrement. Long hair was the rule: Santo Domingo is far too traditional to allow boys who come home from government schools with clipped heads a place in the ranks of dancers. There were men of all ages; white-headed elders, evidently the warrior priests of the tribe, who directed the religious aspect of the ritual, men in the prime of life, virile lithe young bucks. The women ranged equally from the portly, not to say monumental elder matrons, full of the dignity and esteemed conviction of their Pueblo beauty, with thick square bodies enlaced by hand-woven belts of red or green, to slim young girls, scarcely adolescent, with down tied in their hair like snow, and charming little round spots of vermilion on their cheeks, behind which their shyness seemed to hide.

In the two long lines which formed down the nave, the older men and women balanced side by side, the middle-aged were fittingly companioned, while youth was matched with youth. But the most agile and horrific of the young warriors, who carried spears and had war bonnets slithering down their backs, made a perpetual weaving, darting pattern in and out among the rest, as if in menacing pursuit of ambushed enemy. Some quaint little devils—at least they were painted black as the ace of spades—with helmet-like caps perched on their heads, like tropical islanders, and long black spears and shields, made lunges on the side to keep the crowd in place.

As the Priest Stood with Upraised Hand

The rhthymically dancing war folk filled the nave as water fills a vessel, and the high walls, lighted by candles in high sconces, reflected every movement in gigantesque shadow, as they reechoed every pounding foot and rattling necklace. Before the raised altar the young priest in his robes stood this time through the whole Indian ceremony with upraised hand, like the image of a saint on a decorated missal. And when the red man swooped and threatened with his spear his eyes grew round with wonder. Now and then a high screaming war cry sounded, like a sharp note of punctuation of the monotonous choral song, on which the color and thrilling balance of the ceremony were embroidered. The voices, chanting in unison, gave a rich resurgent sound, which merged with the iteration of the rhythm, and with the repetitive action of the bodies, swaying and turning this way and that, the women so quiet and muted, the men so swift and free.

What the exact words of the Domingo war song were I do not know: it would have taken many days of Indian conference to discover their substance, in this pueblo where even the ethnologists have learned few secrets. But here is a similar war song of the pueblo of Zuni, which Matilda

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To you of the six regions
Whose homes cover the earth
I give shells.
Yellow ant, blue ant, red ant, all color ant
U-hu-we-u-hu-we-
U-hu-we-u-hu-we.
To you whose homes
Are covered with mountain tops
I give shells
Yellow, blue, red, white, all color, black.
When we meet the enemy
A little arrow storm will arise.
When we meet him on the road near by
He will never more inhale the sacred breath of day.
I inhale the sacred breath of day.
All come quickly,
The enemy comes from ambush.
A Navajo is killed,
We inhale the sacred breath of day.

You have met the enemy.
He will never more inhale the sacred breath of day.
The enemy is destroyed.
Who will be our great Bow priest?
Who is to become a Bow priest?
Well! who will kick the scalp?
His younger mother, his elder sister.
Who will wash the scalp?
His younger father, his elder brother.
Well!
Good!

To the spectator, as surely to the participator in Indian ceremonies, comes afterward the most relaxed, harmonious release of soul and body. The night, or what remained of it, in the Indian house, was peace itself. In the long room, quiet and dark, but for the ruddy firelight under the beamed ceiling, many tired folk are lying on their rugs. There in the corner a group of Santa Fe artists. Here by the fire our young poets and poetesses, steeped in joy and imagism. At the other end, the Indian family, immobile on its sheep skins—all but our tall host; he sits upright on a little wooden stool, tending the fire of his guests. I slept and waked and floated off again, keeping ever the sense of that stern, unchanging profile, bent on its task, patient as the seasons, the watcher of a timeless fire, which nourishes the very spark of life.

Christmas Morning

In the morning we are awakened by an opening door: an Indian woman, speaking soft words and vanishing again. At quick intervals, another and another. Santiago, throwing on a log, announces: "Christmas morning Pueblo woman asks friends to breakfast. Say—you eat first me and my wife. Then you go eat my friends."

So, after due formalities and courtesies we start for a round of morning breakfasts. This great, spread out, and so vital village of Santo Domingo, in the valley of the Rio Grande, below the Jemez mountains, is never so beautiful as in the lurid, mauve-pink light of winter dawn. Women carrying great water jars on their heads, above shawls that fall from crown to heel in noble silhouette, are moving toward the river. The animals are stirring in their rustic corrals. Piñon smoke scents the air. And at the door of every house is watching the stout and radiant Christmas matron.

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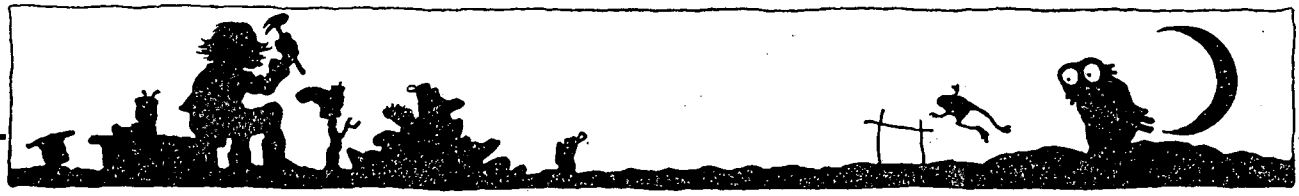

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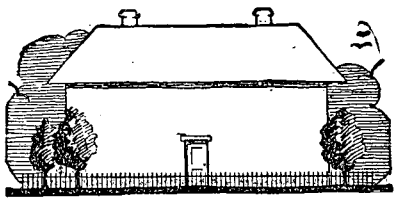

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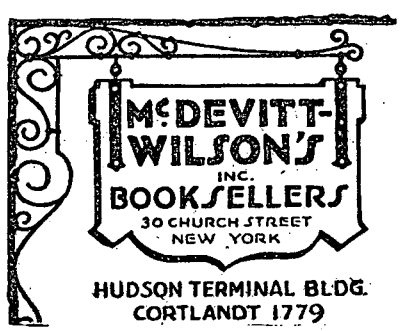

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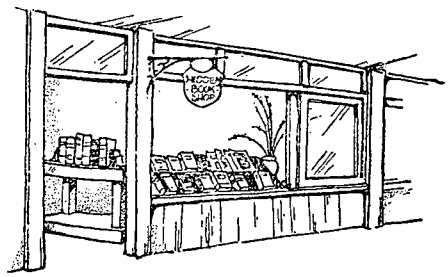

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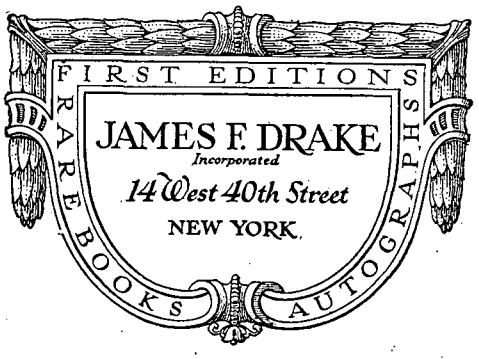

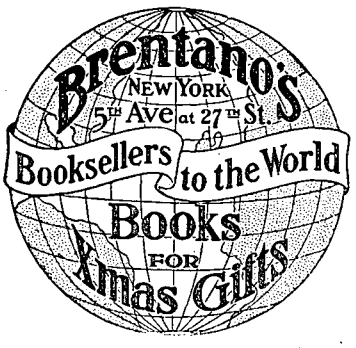

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the mud floor. We sit, cross-legged, while the children gather round and the grandfather, smiling, accepts our gift of cigarettes. With a tortilla, or a piece of blue corn wafer bread, in color and consistency like a wasp's nest, we scoop up meat and chile. We accept a tart made of white flour and dried melon rind. Then we go on to Patricio's, and Francisco's, and Juan Cate's, the governor's. Juan's wife is brushing his hair—no Pueblo male ever does this for himself—with something that looks like a hearth brush and tying it into a queue. He will sing later, in one of the dance choruses, as a leader should. Francisco's handsome daughter, Maria, has her head in a foaming bowl of suds. This rite invariably precedes the dance. The ceremonies begin again immediately after breakfast, in the plazas. Not the Christian ceremonies. They are over. The Indian ceremonies will go on for three days more at least.

They had, in fact, begun before we left. Our last Santo Domingo vision was of the warriors, a hundred strong, sweeping down the length of the plaza. Their spears, their crouching running bodies, their streaming feather bonnets shone and glittered in the winter sun. One look, one more deep breath of joy and power. Then, regretfully, we cranked the car and turned white faces toward an orthodox Christmas dinner.

NANSEN'S MANDATE FOR HUMANITY

(*Continued from page* 260)

But this naive man expects no more certainty from the League of Nations than from the Arctic Circle. In this affair, as in his whole life, he does not fight with the material in hand. He works with it. And he works with it not because he is an angel—his capacity for anger is remarkable—but because he is consumed by his idea. Hence, against the plea "no funds," against official assurance that it would be "a mistake to combine the famine and the relief work," against a pitiful breakdown in his enormous efforts to milk $100,000 out of fifty-two governments, he went ahead to do what he could. In addition to his title as high commissioner, he was allowed to "extend the moral protection of the League of Nations to refugees in general." This bit of blarney he converted into a tangible passport-certificate which, in due time, gave a certain civic footing to the refugees. With the American Relief Administration feeding the refugees around Constantinople, he was able to devote himself to the minor but essential task of medical care. His next activity was to clear them out of Constantinople, in such numbers as his means would permit.

Peddling Refugees

He was a nuisance. He split up his problem, and he tackled each government separately, disposing of his refugees in batches and chunks. With more money from the American Red Cross than from the League, Nansen was able to evacuate 17,000 refugees in 1922. The details show how persistent, tireless and minute he was. He tracked Europe like a man smuggling drugs. Bulgaria, the one country that never forgot his service in repatriating its war prisoners, took in 1,000 invalids, 1,000 workmen and families, 600 children. Czecho-Slovakia took a job-lot of agricultural laborers. Jugo-Slavia, supporting 55,000 refugees already, balked at an additional 5,000 without a subsidy. The French, two hundred million francs to the bad because of Wrangel's failure to conquer the Soviets, contented itself with taking 1,000 orphans from Poland and Jugo-Slavia, 3,000 from Corsica and Tunis. The British, also unfortunate in their efforts to use Russians and Kalmucks to defeat the Soviets, gave Nansen a special fund to take the Kalmucks off their hands. The United States, very reluctant, at last admitted about 1,700 refugees. Canada accepted 1,000. Hungary took 142 ex-soldiers. Belgium stowed away a few groups

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of orphans. The difficulty came, of course, on account of unemployment nearly everywhere. But it was crucial to find homes for them. The fact that 400,000 Russian refugee children still remain in Europe, totally unprovided for, does convey the extent of the social collapse, under which Germany and Poland in particular are groaning.

Many of the refugees were part of the broken armies that France and Britain had backed, in the hope of killing Bolshevism. Such refugees were not always welcome in Russia, any more than in the Europe that had used them. So long as they were really refugee, however, and not the reserves of a military venture, Nansen worked for them. He has got some returned to Russia. He has advocated especially the education of the children, in order to send them back to Russia as a leaven. He is striving, against the red tape of the soviet republic, to help put Russian agriculture on its feet, knowing that only in this way can the refugees cease to encumber Germany and Poland.

It is in the same spirit that he has sought to work for Greece. The spine of his whole philosophy is "help to self-help." Nothing is too much trouble to take refugees out of indigence, to put them on the track. "Yes," he tells you, as if you too were watching at the cradle with the same interest, "we have planted six hundred thousand mulberry trees; soon the silk industry will be flourishing."

Machinery for the refugees who were rug-weavers, land for the landless, but everything with the frugality of a Norwegian.

He shows his big teeth in a laugh not entirely amiable when he relates how Italy offered to take care of 1,000 Turks at about the current hotel rates. These Turks, whom Nansen had brought round from China at half the price that another good government was willing to charge! One can picture him, shopping around, a shipload of Terrible Turks in the offing. And he found a cheap place for them, until they could get home.

He Did Not Wait for a Pattern

With a twist of fate, perhaps, Nansen might have been a different type of Norwegian. He might have eaten up all the whiskey in his neighborhood or become the most self-scourging of Christians. But, so far as one can see, he is a healthy, an undivided, soul, who has dominated rather than conflicted with his environment. He is not the introspective man. He goes out. But his gift is creative and social. He has had some irradiating quality, a touch of genius, that has made him mitigate the agonies of millions of friendless people. What I like to consider is not so much that he felt sympathy, as that he has naturally and spontaneously translated his sympathy into action. He did not wait for a pattern. He made the pattern. And he made the pattern because he has the gift of the artist, defiant, anarchical, prodigal, and hugely kind.

He is a moralist only on one topic. He has set foot on the hard climb of reason and good will, each step cut with the ice-ax of a stout independence. He believes that the last empire, the only secure empire, is the empire of Nansen over Nansen. Knowing that, he does not make a devil of any nation or any class. "We fight continually to master the forces of nature, to assure our existence; but incomparable misfortunes, the worst miseries, are still the fault of men themselves. And as yet we cannot prevent this —a terrible, a humiliating truth."

He has had more faith in the League of Nations, it seems to me, than the League of Nations has had in itself. He has held to it, as he held to the track across Greenland. But it is not blind faith. It is his knowledge that without internationalism, the appetite for power must devour millions of innocent people.

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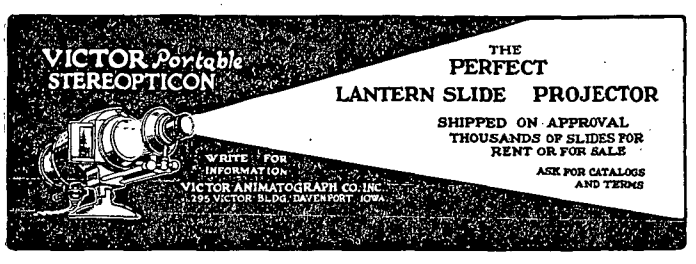
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A vital illusion? But the man without illusions, the iced intelligences, are not remembered by the cobbler in the Tyrol or extolled by the dying Jew.

THE COME-BACK OF CHRISTY MATHEWSON

(*Continued from page* 251)

ride in an open car for fifteen minutes. Then the doctor said I could eat one meal out of three every day in the dining-room; then ride every other day for fifteen minutes; then walk for a couple of minutes. I would gradually stretch that walking, making notes of my temperature and condition, and increase it to thirty minutes twice a day. I left it at that for a long time. I was impatient going along for several weeks that way. I didn't like to feel so restricted. Then the doctor said, "Well, you are on unlimited exercise. You have been in the game long enough to know whether you feel tired." But he wouldn't let me drive the car. So my son and wife rode all around with me. Once we got into a ditch and had to get a team of horses to pull us out. That was last year, 1922. It was not till late in May or June of this year that I was allowed to drive.

Today, when he gets back to his car from his hunt in the underbrush, he pulls on his heavy overcoat and gloves, takes the wheel, steps on the accelerator and is off at a speed that would make a motorcycle cop gasp. But he enjoys reliving his first ride in the open. "The leaves and flowers were just beginning to come out," he says. "It is a good old world,—that is what I told my wife. We rode two miles that day."

There came a time after these first gains, however, when Mathewson lost sight of his goal. He had been out of bed for several months and on exercise for three or four weeks, when he was taken with an intense pain in his side. He suffered as he had never dreamed possible. It was the only relapse he ever had. Complications set in in connection with the pneumo-thorax. He began to run a temperature, slight at first, then higher. The doctor took a sample of the fluid when it formed in the pleural cavity, and found it was infected. It had to be drawn off, and the pleural cavity refilled with glycerine and formaldahyde.

The weather was bitter cold, and the infected tract where the hypodermic needle had entered his side became a large open sore. Sleep was an impossibility. With a raging fever, unable to lie still for any length of time, Matty would sometimes turn over on the side with the open wound. When he did this, the infected fluid would drain out. One night, Mrs. Mathewson and the physician were sure that he could not live until morning. Somewhere in his subconscious mind there was still the old desire to play the game, but in speaking of those weeks of agony, he admits that he was really sick. "When you get that bad, you don't care any more." Insomnia pitted itself against him. "I was wide awake until two or three or four o'clock, when everything had been quiet since ten. There were times when I would lie awake, and just lie there and have some rest. Other times I would feel like turning over and tossing. I think that was bad. I think it made me get into a less cheerful frame of mind." And he adds, quite earnestly, "I used to be discouraged for an hour the next day."

One whimsical memory lightens that heavy time. Early one morning, after staring into the darkness until about three o'clock, he worked out an idea for a letter that he wanted to send to the editor of a checker magazine. He composed it in his mind as he lay there, in the slangy

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spelling and phraseology of Ring Lardner. Early the next morning he had Mrs. Mathewson write it out for him on the typewriter. "She said it was a tough job," he says, "the way I wanted it spelled."

For months he dreaded the time when the infected fluid had to be drawn off. "I was always afraid that another needle tract would become infected." Even today the pneumothorax treatment has still to be administered, but it is very simple. "Every few weeks I go down to the doctor's office, he puts in about 300 or 400 cc of gas, and that's all there is to it."

Mathewsen's recovery from this relapse was more than a matter of treatment or nursing. In his code of ethics sportsmanship comes first. He believes in playing the game fairly and playing it through in spite of every handicap. Rest is a strike-out in pitching against tuberculosis, and he obeyed the rule of it no matter how the old love of action tugged and strained at him. To worry is to let the sickness get to first. So he guarded against that. "Why fret yourself," he says, "if you know it isn't good for you. It only delays the cure. I told myself that few people starve to death in this world. Somehow or in some way those who are dependent on you will be taken care of."

"Play the Game"

When suffering brought him to the verge of despair, he had to call upon all of his reserves of determination and optimism. He would call himself to task:

I guess I said to myself, you're not playing a very good game today—that's no way to play the game. I reminded myself and reminded myself. It's like a couple of baseball players. Maybe they've struck out three times in a pinch that day, and everything looks black. Then they go along the street, and see some fellow with his legs off, and with a hat in his hand. And they'll say "Well, what are we kicking about?" That was just the way with me. There is just one way to get yourself out of a discouraged frame of mind—just recall some one who is sick and in the same trouble, only a whole lot worse. One man I know, had fluid in the pleural cavity, and washing it out to make it sterile was terribly painful for him. The washing gave me hardly any pain, just slight trouble. When I thought what he was up against, I could always see how much better off I was.

The departure, as an "arrested case," of a fellow patient who had been Saranac Lake's champion checker player left Matty with the necessity of finding another hobby. "There are lots of people who play checkers," he says, "but there are only a few checker players." He found a substitute occupation. This was the study of wild flowers. He had always fancied their beauty, but he discovered that he knew almost nothing about them. "When I saw a daisy, I knew it was a daisy, and when I saw clover I knew it was clover, but that was all." He bought a book on the subject, entitled How to Know the Wild Flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana and, with Mrs. Mathewson and Christy, Jr., he would look for new specimens along the side roads while they were out driving. Whenever he recognized a flower from an illustration, he added it to his list. This list consists of pages of ruled paper, pasted together, and is now about a yard in length. One day a senator visited him and saw him working on the list. A few days later a package arrived, containing two beautifully illustrated volumes. These books, on wild flowers, are still one of Matty's greatest prizes; to be ranked with treasured trophies of the ball park.

Twenty-five slow months after his arrival at Saranac Lake, Mathewson made his first journey to the world beyond the mountains. This was a motor trip, which he took in order to spend a week-end with his mother and father at their home in Factoryville, Pennsylvania. The trip he holds to be one of the real milestones on his road to recovery. There came other milestones. In the summer of 1922 the newspapers carried the story that (*Continued on page* 301)

To give the student a knowledge of the more fundamental elements of social cause and effect in the diseases most commonly met, is the aim of Dr. Samuel Bradbury's Winter Quarter lectures and clinical demonstrations in the *Problems of Disease.* Registration is now open to special students who desire to attend these sessions. They will be held on Wednesdays from four to six, beginning January second. Fee Sixteen Dollars.

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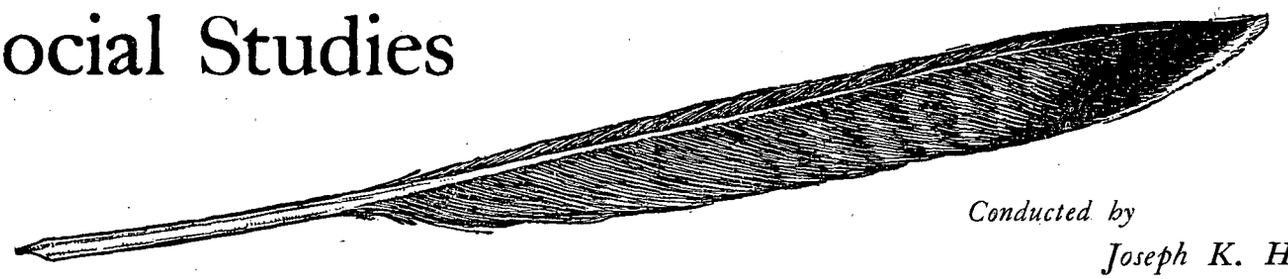
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Making Sure of Group Loyalty

TO the group, the security of the group is the only thing that counts: in the welfare and safety of the group everything else is assured. Against possible dangers to the integrity of the group, therefore, every conceivable precaution must be taken. Those dangers are both external and internal. The external dangers are two: the danger of physical insecurity—from floods and earthquakes and famines, against none of which can much be done; and wars with unfriendly neighbors, against which only the most exacting tribal disciplines can be made to prevail.

The internal danger is single, the danger of group disintegration through the defection of its members. But, if group membership is a natural fact, why should there be any danger of disaffection? Will not the native loyalties hold even the most eager and ambitious to his place in the common ranks?

Group membership is a natural condition: the individual, said Aristotle, who, except by accident, is not a member of a group is either a brute or a god! But we must remember that all groups are artificial—after the first generation. Every group originally expressed the natural desires of its constituent members, within limits, of course. But the group structures they set up, the folkways they inaugurated, though they might have been attractive at first, were but indifferently expressive of the natural desires of those who inherited the group fortunes. With each succeeding generation this discrepancy between the accumulating folkways and the natural desires of the heirs of those folkways is likely to grow greater. Left to themselves, those heirs would shortly surround themselves with all the protecting clothes of custom that could be desired; but that fact does not prove that they will willingly or lightly accept these ancient customs handed down to them.

SOME young people, everywhere and always, are of course so docile that they take on the protective coloring of whatever they touch. The majority of young people probably do so. To all such, the folkways prove acceptable, and they accept their fate without protest. Growing up in the midst of the group life would be sufficient to assure their developing into loyal, even enthusiastic, members of the group.

But no group can safely rest on its experience with these many. For always and everywhere there will be a few whose native tendencies and desires will balk at this complete subordination to a past that is to be, for them, a ready-made future. So, because a few cannot be trusted; and because these few cannot be readily segregated from the many, all youth, always and everywhere, have been made to undergo certain impressive disciplines and overwhelming experiences long employed by the adult group for the purpose of bringing all possible rebels against the folkways under complete subordination and control. The group must maintain its integrity: it can harbor no rebels, either avowed or secret!

But loyalty is not a matter of intellect or of instruction: it is a matter of the emotions. If his emotions are not enlisted in the group's behalf, no amount of instruction will save the loyalty of the new member. Hence, at some time in the period of his education, his emotions must be aroused from their deeps, released in a profoundly impressive experience and attached beyond question to the group, his spiritual "patria"! This is the meaning of that widely-spread institution, the initiation ceremonial.

YOUTH is the time for this experience, of course: youth, just as it passes over from the adolescent experiences into the dawning of manhood. Then the body is alert and ready; then the mind is aroused and eager. The soul or spirit, long dormant, is about to awake and to ask for something as large as its own dawning expectations to which it can attach itself: now, or never, is the time for the group to make itself the center and circumference of the youth's world. The initiation ceremonial accomplishes this desideratum!

Through days and weeks of impressive experiences; with physical pains and even tortures; with fastings and lonely waitings, the youth is prepared for great revelations. In dreams he finds his guardian spirit, his totem, perhaps, and the guiding clue to his future. When he has been thus reduced to complete docility of mind and heart, he is given the change of clothing that marks his leaving childhood and his taking on of the adult; he leaves the lodge of the women and children and takes up his abode in the lodge of the men; and in the most solemn moment of his life, the ancient secrets of the group are revealed to him. This is an experience that can never be forgotten; and, except by the rarest or the weakest of mortals, can never be violated. He has been taken in. He is a member, not only geographically and socially, but emotionally, with the whole of his being, grappled to the group "with hooks of steel"!

That old experience, known in these days only in fragments or in caricatures, was instinct with all human motives. It was civic experience: henceforth, the youth belonged to the community. It was a vocational experience: henceforth, he had his work to do. It was a moral experience: henceforth, he could know the right from the wrong. It was a religious experience: henceforth, he lived or died as the group gave the word!

And all these experiences, combined in natural growth, made up his education: he knew what the group knew; he loved what the group loved; he could do what the group would ask of him. He was fitted for life, and the outlines of his life lay quite clearly before him: he was swallowed up in the group. The earth may have lost an individual energy; but the group had gained by so much as his energy was worth.

And those groups survived which made sure of the loyalty of their members! At least, they did not perish through insidious disaffection—from within!

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Our Social Institutions

A Course for High Schools

VI. The Industrial Order

Primitive men always lived close to the margin of starvation. The hunter never knew long in advance whether he was to feast or to starve. By turns he had much experience of both feasting and starving, and he accepted each with an appropriate character. The domestication of animals gave man his first considerable sense of control of his own future. The development of agriculture extended this control. Transportation and commerce released men from their former dependence upon the products of a local area. Manufacturing processes provided new types of products, and made industry possible all round the year. So little by little, the industrial order has been built up, until, in some measure, it encloses men, today, like a great wall. Have human progress and happiness kept pace with these developments in the industrial order?

1. Large-Scale Organization of Industry

When did the steam engine become a practical factor in industrial organization? How was industry carried on before that time? What effects has the steam engine produced upon the organization of industry? One of these effects has been the enormous centralizing of industry and the growth of industrial cities. Why has steam power had such centralizing results? Is there any natural limit to the size of an industrial unit? To the size of a city? What are some of the greatest large-scale industries in the world today? How many men are employed by the railroads of America? By the steel industry? Is large-scale industry always economical?

2. Small-Scale Organization of Industry

All industries were originally organized on a small scale, of course. What were some of the advantages of this small-scale type of organization? What were some of its disadvantages? Does this small-scale type still exist anywhere? What are some of the small scale industries in your community? Why do they remain on the small scale? Are all industries adapted to large scale operation? Which do the workers prefer, large-scale or small-scale types of operation? How do these processes differ? What is a "sweated" industry? Do "sweat shops" still exist anywhere? What are the objections to a "sweat shop"? Do all small-scale industries tend to become "sweated"? In what direction is industry in general moving, today: toward more large-scale organization, or toward the extension of small-scale operations? Which is the more desirable from the standpoint of the community?

3. Underlying Motives in Industry

For years business has claimed that "competition is the life of trade." Is that claim still made? Is the statement true? Do business houses and industries still compete? What have they substituted for the older forms of competition? Has cooperation made any progress in your community? Have you any cooperative organizations? On the small scale or on the large scale? What are the principles of these cooperative enterprises? Are these cooperative organizations made up of producers or of consumers? To what extent is industry changing from a competitive to a cooperative basis? Would your community welcome a general change from competition to cooperation in its industrial and business life?

References:

James H. Tufts, The Real Business of Living. Henry Holt & Co.

Leon C. Marshall, Readings in Industrial Society. University of Chicago Press.

Questions on Current Issues

Between the Lines

Taking sides is easy; and popular. Any one who takes sides gets into his own group and people know where he can be found. He can be classified and laid on a mental shelf.

But taking sides leaves things as they were; or, if things can't remain as they were, it leads to war. The chance of escaping from things as they were, or are, without plunging into war, comes when men refuse to take sides and insist on getting in between the lines. Of course, getting between the lines means "compromise"; and compromise is generally looked upon as either weakness or treason—and no one knows which is the worse of those two. None the less, at the risk of being thought both weak and traitorous, men will insist upon going between the lines, for in that way alone can they learn what is going on—can they become intelligent. Consider for a few moments "the man between the lines":

1. In Industry

When a farmer hires a "hand" does he have to secure another to act as a "go-between"; or can he tell the new hand directly what he wants done? Why must the owner in industry have a "man between" to connect him with the workers? What are the characteristics of this "man between"? To which group does he belong—the owners or the workers? Is there a third group? If so, what are its characteristics? Is it what is commonly called "the public"? What functions does this "man between" perform, if any? Are these functions necessary? Is the position easy or difficult? Is the position understood: by the owners? By the workers? By the public? Why not? Is it understood by the "man between"? Always? Why not?

2. In World Affairs

When did the war, which began in 1914, end? When did "the peace" begin? For which countries? Who won the war? When will that question be answered? Did England win? What did she win? Did France win? Then why is she still at arms? Did force win? Did anarchy win anything? Did intelligence make any progress by reason of the war? In what areas? In what respects? Who, or what groups or interests represent intelligence at work in Europe, today? What statesmen, if any, have programs that seem to be intelligent?

Is there any such thing as "between the lines" in European affairs, today? What could such a position mean? Could it mean "internationalism"? "Humanitarianism"? Would it mean ignoring political matters?

3. In Community Life

What are the "sides" in our American communities, today? Or are all our community affairs really communal? If not—if we have "sides," what do they stand for? What was the origin of these "sides"? Do they represent important matters, or traditional cleaveages? What are the methods of warfare between the "sides"? Who are the leaders? What are they fighting for? Is there any one "between the lines"? What is he trying to do? Is he a weakling, a traitor, or an intelligent man? How is he regarded in the community? Does he get any support? What are the relative standings, in public opinion, of the three "between the lines" types: the weakling who dares not take sides; the grafter who plays both sides; and the intelligent man who would bring the best in both sides together?

References:

pp. 260, 266.

The books mentioned on this page may be obtained through The Survey Book Department.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORKERS—Miss M. A. Cannon, president, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City; Miss Lena R. Waters, executive secretary, The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Organization to promote development of social work in hospitals and dispensaries. Annual meeting with National Conference of Social Work.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION (formerly American Child Hygiene Association and Child Health Organization of America)—Headquarters, 532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Administrative Offices, 370 7th Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, pres.; L. Emmett Holt, M.D.; Livingston Farrand, M.D.; Thomas D. Wood, M.D.; 1st, 2nd, 3rd vice-presidents, respectively; Corcoran Thom, treas.; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., sec'y. To promote health among children from conception to maturity—this to be accomplished through cooperation with parents, doctors, nurses, teachers, and other health workers; by dissemination of scientific information and teaching methods in schools, through conferences, addresses, pamphlets, publicity material, and a monthly magazine, "Mother and Child."

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE ASSOCIATION—K. L. Butterfield, president; Henry Israel, executive secretary. Room 1849, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., New York City. Emphasizes the human aspect of country life. Annual membership $3.00 includes "The Country Life Bulletin."

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Lita Bane, executive secretary, Grace Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C. Organized for betterment of conditions in home, school, institution and community. Publishes monthly Journal of Home Economics: office of editor, Grace Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C.; of business manager, 1211 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

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THE CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—C .C. Carstens, director. 130 E. 22d Street, New York City. A League of children's agencies to secure improved standards and methods in their various fields of work. It also cooperates with other children's agencies, cities, states, churches and other groups to work out worth-while results in phases of child welfare in which they are interested.

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COMMUNITY SERVICE—315 Fourth Avenue, New York City. A national civic movement for promoting citizenship through right use of leisure. It will, on request, help local communities work out leisure time programs. H. S. Braucher, secretary.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 30 Protestant denominations. Rev. Chas. S. Macfarland, Rev. S. M. Cavert, gen'l sec'ys; 105 E. 22nd Street, New York.
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INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—First appointed 1854, located New York City 1866, incorporated 1883. Headquarters office, 347 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y. Tel. Vanderbilt 1200. Branch offices, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver. Chairman, James M. Speers; Treasurer, B. H. Fancher; General Sec'y, John R. Mott. The Committee maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries for service in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Associations at home and abroad.

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 50 East 42d Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LEGAL AID ORGANIZATIONS—Officers: President, Albert F. Bigelow, 111 Devonshire Street, Boston; Secretary, John S. Bradway, 133 South 12th St., Philadelphia; Chairman of Executive Committee, Leonard McGee, 239 Broadway, New York. This organization was formed in 1912 as a national association of all legal aid societies and bureaus in the United States to develop and extend legal aid work. Copies of Proceedings at convention in December 1922, including report on relation between social service and legal aid, may be had on request.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,152 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 174 American secretaries at work in 55 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe. The National Board also maintains a National Training School of graduate type at 135 East 52nd Street, New York City, for the professional training of its leadership. The training is given in two parts. The preliminary course consists of six weeks of lecture work (generally given in the summer session) and nine months practical experience on salary under supervision. The advanced course requires a full year of resident academic study, upon the successful completion of which a professional certificate is granted. Special emphasis is placed upon training in group work.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE COUNCIL—1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
General Secretary, Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P.
Departments—Education, Laws and Legislation, Social Action. Press and Publicity, Lay Organizations (National Council of Catholic Men and National Council for Catholic Women.)
National Catholic Service School for Women, 2400 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, sec'y; 1 East 104th Street, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations. Works for improved laws and administration; children's codes. Studies health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10. $25 and $100; includes monthly bulletin, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.—Chas. F. Powlison, gen. sec'y; 70 Fifth Ave., New York. Originates and publishes exhibit material which visualizes the principles and conditions affecting the health, well being and education of children. Cooperates with educators, public health agencies, and all child welfare groups in community, city or state-wide service through exhibits, child welfare campaigns, etc.

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NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Grace Abbott, president, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Parker, secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-first annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Toronto, Canada, June 25th to July 2nd, 1924. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, managing director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, secretary; 130 East 22nd St., New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, personal service for local organizations and legislation, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

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NATIONAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION SERVICE—309 Homer Building, Washington, D. C. To obtain progressive legislation for physical education. Established at the request of a committee created by the United States Bureau of Education; 35 national organizations cooperating. Maintained by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

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THE SURVEY'S DIRECTORY

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 127 E. 23rd St., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Anna A. Gordon, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the departments of Child Welfare, Women in Industry, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Americanization and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Mrs. Maud Swartz, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

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RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION—For the Improvement of Living Conditions—John M. Glenn, dir.; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Departments: Charity Organization, Child-Helping, Industrial Studies, Library, Recreation, Remedial Loans, Statistics, Surveys and Exhibits. The publications of the Russell Sage Foundation offer to the public in practical and inexpensive form some of the most important results of its work. Catalogue sent upon request.

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THE COME-BACK OF CHRISTY MATHEWSON

(*Continued from page 297*)

he had pitched the first ball for the local team at Saranac Lake, and the fans of a hundred cities rejoiced. But he says that what he did was "simply to toss the ball to the man who was to pitch the game. The pitching end of it wasn't." By the spring of 1923, he had recovered sufficiently to reenter his world, and take part in the management of the Boston Braves.

He still makes Saranac Lake his headquarters. He prefers to do this for a year after his return to a comparatively normal life, so that he will be fit to take on additional work later. He is eager for that, but continually refuses invitations to appear and speak in public or to write articles on baseball regularly. As he says,

If I err, I prefer to do it on the side of caution. If I had the use of both lungs I would feel that I was well, but one is still collapsed and I realize that I am not a cured case. One trouble with people who are cured and come back among their friends is that the friends do not understand tuberculosis. If a man doesn't immediately go in for dinners, theaters, and other social activities, his friends may very well become his enemies if they urge him on to activity, and try to convince him that he is perfectly well. This doesn't do. He needs to remind himself that he is not as good as he was.

Mathewson is a strong advocate of sanatorium treatment.

A sanatorium is the best place in which to get well, unless you have means enough to turn your own home into a hospital. No one can keep a patient "pepped up" better than a sanatorium doctor. And the mere fact of associating continually with people at home who do the things that you used to do, is likely to make you feel worse. But in a sanatorium, or in a cure cottage, you're in touch with other people in the same condition. You hear how they are getting on. You're all like a couple of people going to be hanged—you commiserate with each other in ways that don't drag you down. Sympathy, I tell you, from friends or from fellow patients is one of the greatest helps in the cure.

Matty has great faith in the specialists who are always available at sanatoria and while he does not criticise general practitioners, he believes that "they have not the trained ear, the sensitiveness of touch, nor the experience with the disease that the specialists have."

Resignation he considers very necessary in winning the game, "not passive resignation, but intelligent submission, and a calm assurance that your misfortune is only temporary."

You can't help what you can't help. If any one had told me when I was first taken sick that I would be in bed for fifteen months, I would have answered, "Carry me right over to the graveyard." The few small illnesses I had known had been so irksome. When I learned that I might never be more than an arrested case that disappointed me. I thought, "There'll be no more baseball for me." But then, in baseball we all look forward to the time when we have to quit, and that time had to come for me anyway. So the hope I hung on to was that I might perhaps become interested in a club some day as part owner.

And he has.

He has admiration for the men and women who are active in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. "They will succeed in stamping it out," he said. "I am sure of it because of the increased knowledge regarding it. And any one who is ready to diffuse that knowledge is taking a hand in one of the biggest games in the world."

The other day Mrs. Mathewson gave a Hallowe'en party. With housewifely pride she showed me the witches and black cats adorning the dining room table, and the orange and black festoons that were suspended from the chandelier to the walls.

"And the guest of honor," she added gaily, "will be the doctor who once gave Mr. Mathewson six weeks to live."

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RATES: Display advertisements, 25 cents per agate line, 14 lines to the inch. Want advertisements, 8 cents per word or initial, including the address or box number, for each insertion; minimum charge, $1.50. Discounts on three or more consecutive insertions. Cash with orders. Copy for the next issue should be in by December 3rd.

Address Advertising Department — **THE SURVEY** — 112 East 19th Street New York City

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EXECUTIVE WANTED: National Jewish Institution making wide appeal to American Jews desires immediate services of men experienced in Jewish communal work, particularly fund-raising campaign organization. Unusual opportunities. Attractive salaries. Permanent positions to first class men. Apply P. O. B. 65, Station O, New York City.

S. O. S. CALL. Opportunity for highest type rounded-out man "to build up the state at the precise point of its greatest disintegration" (The Settlement Horizon Ch. 2). In short, to head twelve year old community organization in one of the ten largest cities of the country. Salary O. K. 4659 SURVEY.

A LARGE SETTLEMENT desires to make a SURVEY of its neighborhood. Knowledge of German or Yiddish desired. Qualified persons should give full information in first letter. 4657 SURVEY.

WANTED—An Assistant Head Resident of recognized Settlement in Middle West, young man 30 to 35 years old, with cultural background and university training. Only those expecting to find a life work in social service field need apply. Must be willing to start with fair salary and prove ability to earn more. Must have executive ability and be able to adjust to group life, good mixer with enthusiasm and pep. Fine future for right man. 4650 SURVEY.

COOPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Miss Richards' Bureau, 68 Barnes Street, Providence, R. I.

RESIDENCE SPACE is available in a large New York Settlement for two or three young men interested in social conditions, who will pay board at cost and give some evening time in exchange for room. 4655 SURVEY.

WANTED: Band Master and Director of Music, Institution for boys. First class band. Good salary. Position now vacant. Apply to Mrs. Clara C. Berg, Secretary, Morganza, Pennsylvania.

WORKERS WANTED

Wanted by the DENVER SHELTERING HOME FOR JEWISH CHILDREN, of Denver, Colorado, a National Institution, an EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, must possess the following qualifications: Must be well educated in English and Yiddish, be a good speaker in both languages; must know how to procure, train, and handle solicitors; must make his residence in Denver, take charge of Denver Office, but be on the road organizing and advancing the work of our Institution at least six months of the year. Will pay reasonable salary. Give full particulars and send photograph with first letter or application. Communicate with N. Halpern, 401 Empire Building, Denver, Colorado.

WARE SCHOOL OF TEA ROOM MANAGEMENT, 52-54 West 39th St., New York. Tea room, cafeteria and Motor Inn. In connection with Ware Coffee Shop. One of New York's successful Tea Rooms. Send for Booklet D. Day and evening classes.

COMPETENT woman, Jewish preferred, for health and diet work with malnourished children in residence. Resident position with responsibility for cottage management. Apply Superintendent, Jewish Children's Society, Levindale, Station E, Baltimore, Md.

GRADUATE NURSES, dietitians, laboratory technicians for excellent hospital positions everywhere. Write for free book now. Aznoe's Central Registry for Nurses. 30 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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WANTED for modern Jewish day nursery in Philadelphia, a trained nurse, as supervisor, who is capable of working with children. 4640 SURVEY.

WANTED girls' club leader, in a large Jewish Settlement in Philadelphia. Apply stating qualifications. 4641 SURVEY.

WORKERS WANTED

WANTED, trained worker with children, as supervisor of Jewish Day Nursery. 4642 SURVEY.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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WOMAN, wide experience community, institutional, recreation and club work, organizer, conversant six languages, eleven years last position, available at once. 4664 SURVEY.

JEWISH EDUCATION. American-born young man, with personality; good university and Hebrew training; experienced teacher, director and administrator; occasional preacher with published writings; emphasizes recreation and holiday celebrations; available as director of center or of religious education. References. Replies confidential. 4662 SURVEY.

SOCIAL WORKER, Settlement executive, club, secretarial, musical, dramatic training; some experience family and neighborhood investigation, now available. 4661 SURVEY.

EXPERIENCED Child Welfare worker open for position, either North or South. Prefer Western Virginia. Best of references. 4614 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE position desired by cultured woman of education, professional training, and ten years' experience in fields embracing many and varied activities. Available January 1. Protestant. 4654 SURVEY.

LABORATORY technician, college training, desires position in physician's office or hospital. Experienced, knowledge of typewriting. 4666 SURVEY.

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EXECUTIVE young man, ten years' successful record as organizer in educational, boys' and settlement work and industrial relations. Prefer Chicago. 4663 SURVEY.

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TEN-CENT MEALS, by Florence Nesbitt. 44 pp. (10 cents). How John and Mary Live and Save on $35 a Week—a weekly budget plan (10 cents). Weekly Allowance Book (10 cents). Am. School Home Economics, 849 East 58th St., Chicago.

CREDIT UNION. Complete free information on request to Roy F. Bergengren, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

FINANCIAL FEDERATIONS, by William J. Norton, director of the Detroit Community Union. A reprint in handy pamphlet form of a series of articles published in recent Midmonthly issues of The Survey. Price 25 cents; 6 copies $1; 25 copies $3; postpaid. The Survey, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

WELFARE FEDERATIONS, by Edward T. Devine, contributing editor of The Survey. A reprint of four articles from The Survey. Price 50 cents; 3 copies $1; 25 copies $6, postpaid. The Survey, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE UNPRINTABLE TEXT BOOK. A handy pamphlet reprint of an article by Prof. Joseph K. Hart, Editor of The Survey's Education Department. Free to teachers on request. To others, 10 cents. The Survey, 112 East 19th St., New York, N. Y.

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THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF NURSING shows the part which trained nurses are taking in the betterment of the world. Put it in your library. $3.00 a year. 19 W. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

MENTAL HYGIENE; quarterly; $2.00 a year; published by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 370 Seventh Ave., New York.

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Bunny Bath Set, small towel and cloth, pink or blue, $1.25.

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an American adaptation of the Danish Folk School will offer a four months' course beginning January 3, 1924. Students for this session are now being enrolled. Full information about courses, prerequisites and terms on application, to

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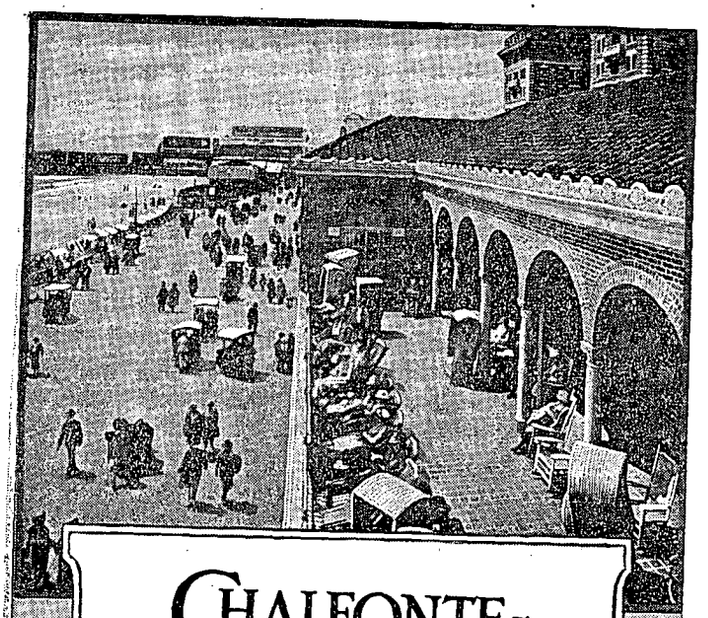

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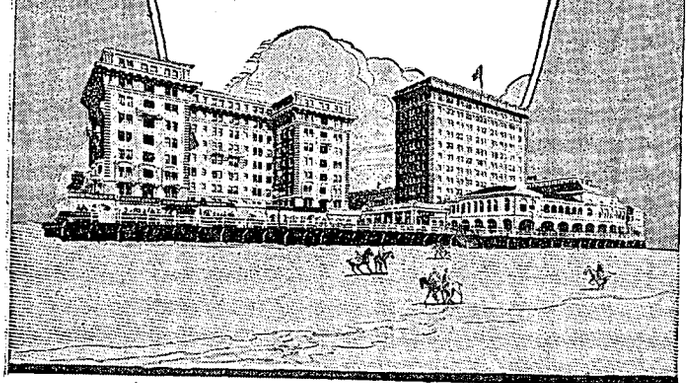

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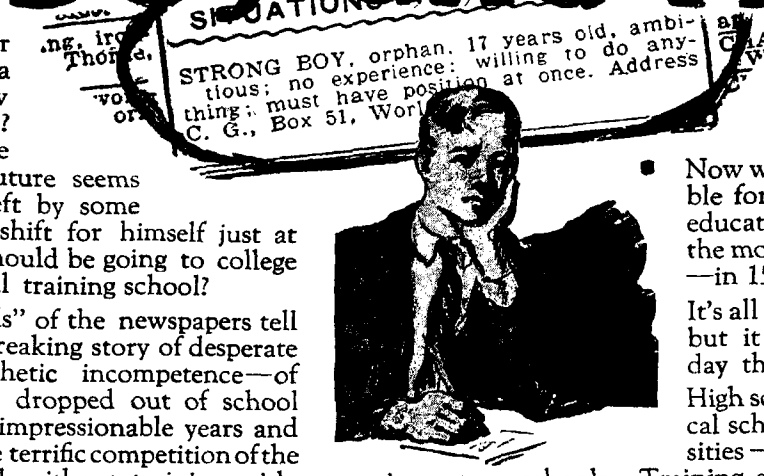
A Boy and His "Ad"


SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.
STRONG BOY, orphan, 17 years old, ambi-
tious; no experience; willing to do any-
thing; must have position at once. Address
C. G., Box 51, Worl

WILL your boy be in a fix like this a few years from now? Will that little chap whose future seems so rosy be left by some misfortune to shift for himself just at the time he should be going to college or a vocational training school?

The "Want Ads" of the newspapers tell many a heart-breaking story of desperate need and pathetic incompetence—of mere children dropped out of school in their most impressionable years and thrown into the terrific competition of the working world, without training, without equipment.

All that this boy has to offer a business world that needs trained intelligence are pounds of bone and muscle, and an untrained, undeveloped brain.

* * * *

Look through the "Help Wanted" columns in the newspapers and read advertisement after advertisement beginning "Expert", "Competent", "Educated", and then ending up with either "big pay" or "high salary for the right man"—The big jobs and big money are offered to the man with training.

You do not want your child to take a back seat in life. You do want him to be a leader in his chosen line. Other fathers and mothers want exactly the same thing, and yet how few—oh, how few!—realize their high hopes. Why?

When you look at that dwindling line of school boys pictured below, you will probably guess—and guess correctly—that just about *one* family in *three* can afford to enter their boy in high school and only *one* family in *fifty* can see him clear through college.

Most of the other boys dropped out because their families just hadn't the money. They couldn't afford to keep their children at school because they trusted to luck that when the time came, somehow, some way, the money would be found. But it wasn't.

* * * *

Now what are you doing to make it possible for your boys *and girls* to get a good education? How are you going to have the money ready when you must have it—in 15 or 10 years, or sooner?

It's all right to be hopeful and optimistic, but it is far better to prepare for the day that is on the way.

High schools—Normal schools—Technical schools—Business colleges—Universities—Seminaries—Art and Music schools—Training schools of all kinds—cost money—real money.

* * * *

Then why not do these essential things and do them now?

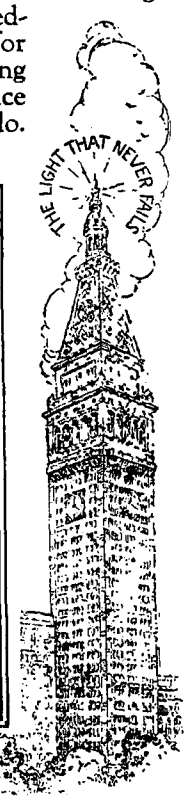
1st—Find how much it will cost to give your children the kind of higher education you want them to have.

2nd—If you have the money now, put it aside and use only the interest upon it for yourself.

3rd—If you haven't the money, figure out a way of saving so that your Education Fund will be ready when needed.

4th—Begin now—this week, not next week—to lay aside the first small payment on the necessary sum. Let nothing interfere with the regular putting aside of that amount.

The mere fact that his father and mother are making a sacrifice for him, is likely to inspire any red-blooded boy to *make good* and get ready for his big opportunity. The pride of knowing that your children are to have their chance will more than pay you for what you do. Plan now—and carry out your plan.



Here is the significant story of the children who enter the 5th grade of the public schools of the United States. Only 63 of each 100 graduate from grammar school—13 from high school—and 2 from college, according to Bulletin No. 34 of the U. S. Bureau of Education.

By giving your children the kind of training they need, you will make them happier, more successful men and women, and your country will be the richer for your contribution of better citizens.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will arrange, if you like, to supply your boy (or girl) with funds needed, in case of your untimely death—or if you live, for that matter. If interested in this phase of the question, write for booklet describing our Educational Fund policy.

But in any event begin now to prepare for what you must do *in case you live.* Statistical records prove that of the parents who read this page most of them will live for fifteen years or more, but failing to make early and proper preparation will be unable to carry out their present good intentions as to educating their children.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Business, pursuit, calling—if you are inquisitive about it, however defined—this being alive and kicking together, a hundred million of us and more, we should be glad to have you pool your curiosity with ours, with that of the 1,600 members, the 16,000 subscribers of The Survey, who are bent on bearing a part in the organized discovery of the America of our times.

—From the foreword by the editor, page 245

SURVEY ASSOCIATES, Inc.
112 East 19th Street, New York City

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Name_____

Note:—A $10 Cooperating Subscription covers the regular $5 subscription, plus a contribution to the educational work and development of The Survey. It makes such a subscriber eligible for election as a Survey Associate for the current year, but creates no other financial liability, nor promise of renewal another year.

(The fiscal year ends September 30)

In the new publishing year, 1923-24, now entered upon, we appeal for $50,000, over and above commercial receipts, for the educational work and development of The Survey

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